

THE BEST

Standard

Songs

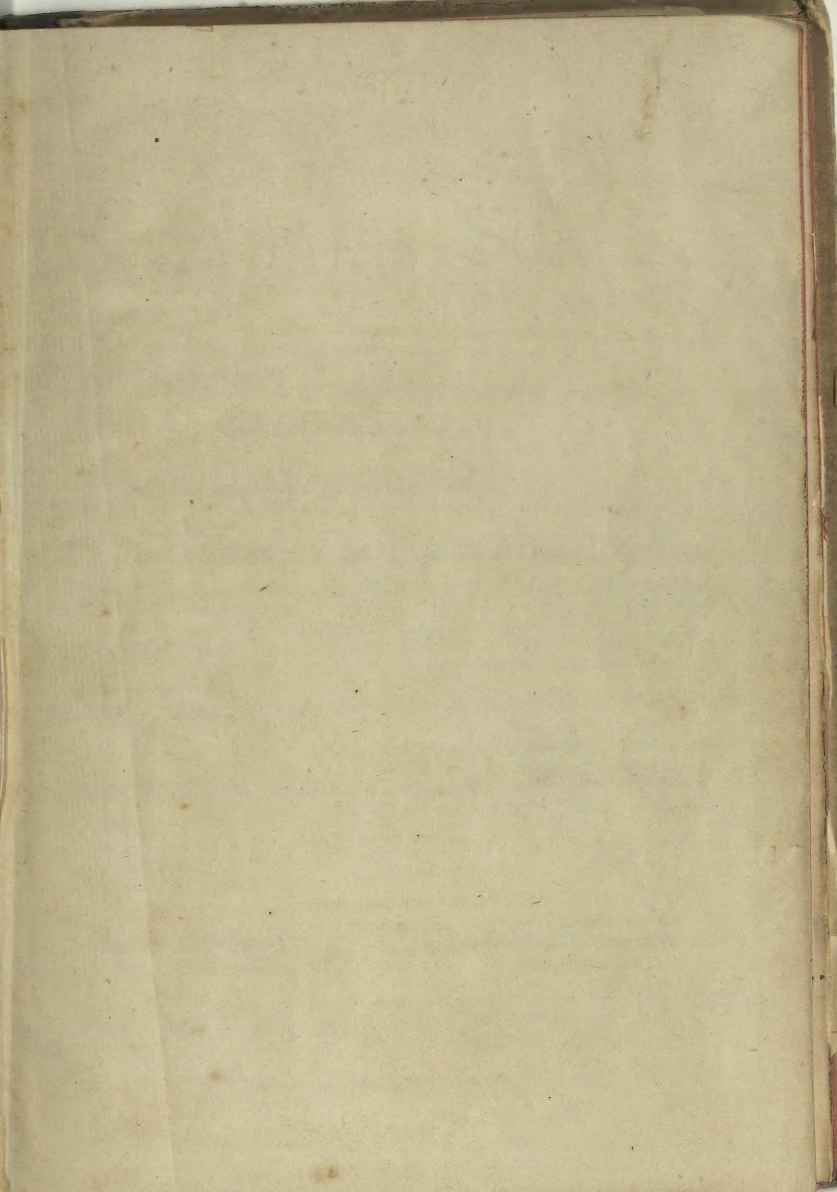
— EDITED BY —
R. H. PITT, D.D.
AND
GEO. A. MINOR.

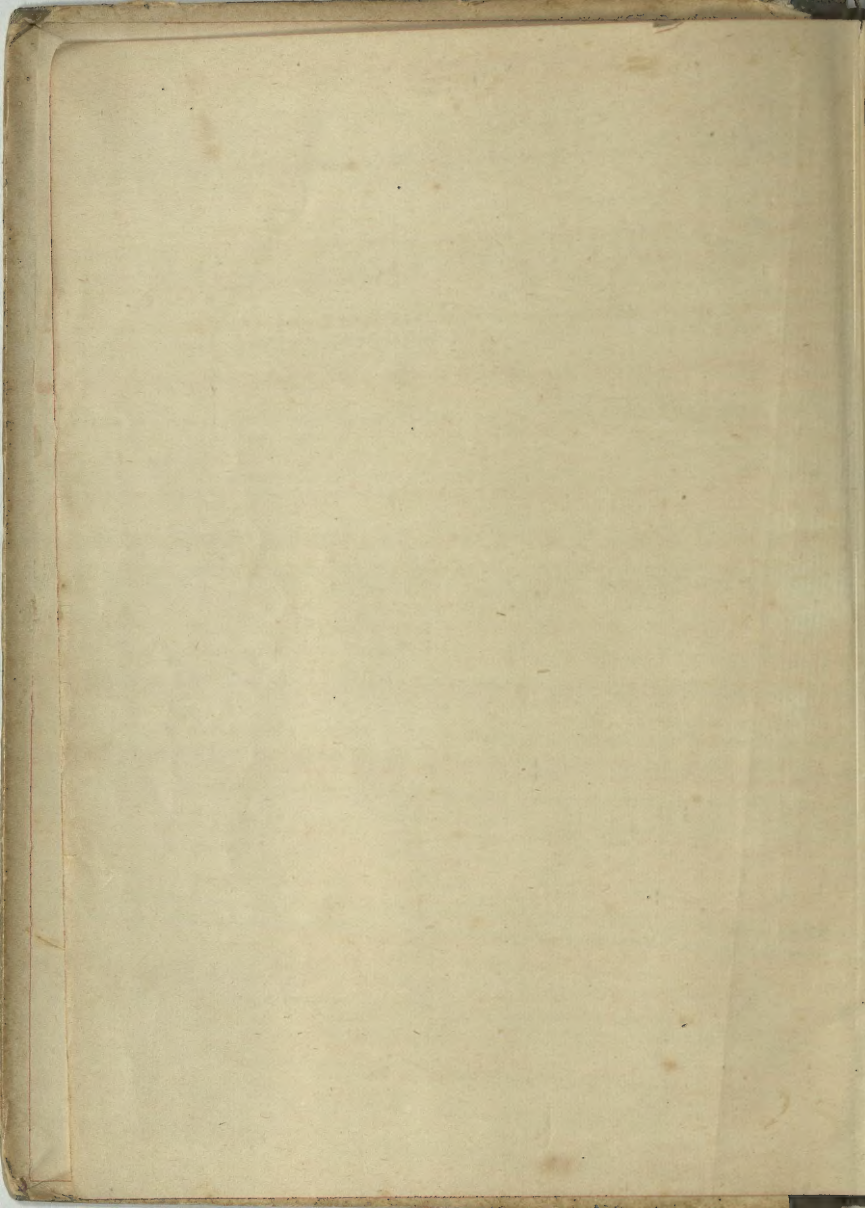
PUBLISHED BY

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HUME-MINOR Co.,
RICHMOND, VA.







THE BEST
STANDARD SONGS

—FOR—

SUNDAY SCHOOLS
SOCIAL WORSHIP AND
YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS

R. H. PITT, D.D.,
Hymn Editor

GEO. A. MINOR,
Music Editor

PUBLISHED BY

Pitt & Dickinson,
Richmond, Va.

Hume-Minor Co.,
Richmond, Va.

PREFACE

IN the construction of this book we have been guided by several considerations. First of all, we have avoided elaborate and difficult music. The book is intended for Sunday Schools and social worship, and we recognized the fact that it was practically impossible for the great mass of our Sunday Schools to spend any considerable time in mastering difficult musical compositions. There is not a number in this book that may not be quickly learned, even by those without musical training.

We have endeavored earnestly to avoid flooding the book with the light and trivial tunes that have become of late so common, and that have, in our judgment, so largely degraded the musical taste of our people, and have really injured the worshipful spirit which should always characterize the service of song. At the same time, we have striven to meet the necessarily great variety of tastes to be found in our congregations; hence, the book has in it a great deal of cheerful music—music in which there is vital and vigorous movement.

A leading feature of this book is the presence of a large number of old standard hymns and tunes. It is remarkable that with hundreds of hymns and tunes from which to select, so few should be used by the average congregation with any degree of freedom or regularity. We think it can be justly claimed that we have incorporated in this book the very best of standard hymns, and we have been careful to wed them to the tunes with which they have been associated for many years.

It has been a great pleasure to us in this work, to rescue from threatened oblivion quite a number of old and worshipful tunes, for example, the old tune "Approach," number 159; "I believe," 170; "Entreaty," 208; "Carroll," 180; "Melody," 175; "Come, Ye Sinners," 194; "I Will Arise," 221, and "How Firm a Foundation," 200. These and other tunes that might be mentioned have many hallowed associations, and it would be a pity for them to disappear. Besides, we have used quite a number of the old secular melodies that seem to fitly interpret the sacred words which we have set to them. In addition to these features, the book has many new and meritorious pieces. Some of these have never appeared before in any publication. In making up our selections we have had access to the catalogue of copyrights owned by the R. M. McIntosh Co., of Atlanta, Ga.—a catalogue singularly full and valuable. Besides, we are indebted to a great many musical publishers all over the country for permission to use their copyrighted numbers. We cannot make detailed acknowledgment here, but we do, in a general way, express our gratitude for their kindness.

We are sure that the mechanical features of the book will please our friends. The paper is good, the musical and letter-press types are clear and distinct, the binding is durable, and the price is certainly remarkable. We send the book forth with the earnest prayer that it may be useful in deepening the interest and promoting the value of the service of song in all the churches that may adopt it.

RICHMOND, VA., March 20, 1896.

R. H. PITT,
GEO. A. MINOR.

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THE BEST STANDARD SONGS.

1

JESUS, HEAR AND SAVE.

GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Lord of mer - cy and of might, Of mankind the life and light,
2. Thron'd a - bove ce - les - tial things, Borne a - loft on an - gels' wings,

Mak - er, Teach - er, In - fi - nite, — Je - sus, hear and save!
Lord of lords, and King of kings, — Je - sus, hear and save!

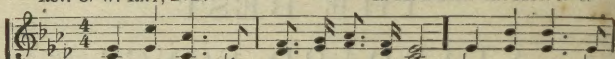
Might - y Monarch, Sav - iour mild, Humbled to a mor - tal child,
Who shall yet re - turn from high, Robed in might and ma - jes - ty,

Cap - tive, beat - en, bound, re - viled, — Je - sus, hear and save!
Hear us, help us when we cry — Je - sus, hear and save!

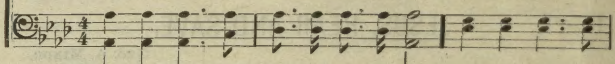

FOR MANY MANY YEARS.

Rev. C. W. RAY, D. D.

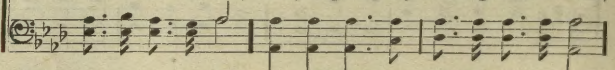
R. M. McINTOSH, MUS. DOC.



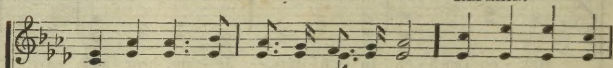
1. Night and day for ma - ny ma - ny years, Je - sus called me
 2. Night and day for ma - ny ma - ny years, Je - sus sought me
 3. Night and day for ma - ny ma - ny years, I have heard that


in his ten - der love; And his voice seemed burdened with his tears,
 through the des - ert wild; And his voice yet lin - gers in my ears,
 ten - der voice di - vine; Whisp'ring through my haunting doubts and fears,



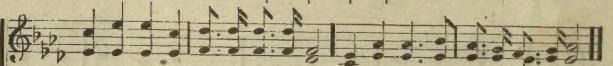
REFRAIN.



As he sought me from his home a - bove.
 Like a moth - er's with her wayward child. } O his love 'tis
 Wear - y, help - less, wan - der - er be mine.



wid - er than the sea, Tire - less as the might - y o - cean wave;



O how could he love and follow me, And how care the wander - er to save.

WALK IN THE LIGHT.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

GEORGE A. MINOR.

1. Walk, my broth-er, in the light, Keep your soul-robcs pure and white,
 2. Walk-ing dai-ly in the light, All the way shall grow more bright;
 3. Fol-low Je-sus in the light; Where he walks there is no night;
 4. Walk in fel-low-ship of love Till you reach the home a-bove;

Spot-less, stainless, free from sin, In the blood of Je-sus clean.
 God his wealth of love will pour On your spir-it more and more.
 All is per-fect, bliss-ful day; Heaven's glo-ry floods the way.
 They who fol-low in the light Shall with Je-sus walk in white.

CHORUS.

Walk, walk in the light, Walk, walk in the light,
 Walk in the light, the gold-en light, Walk in the light, the gold-en light,

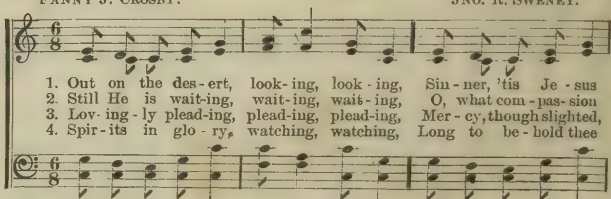
Repeat Chorus pp.

Walk, walk in the light, The gold-en light of God.
 We'll walk in the light, the gold-en light,

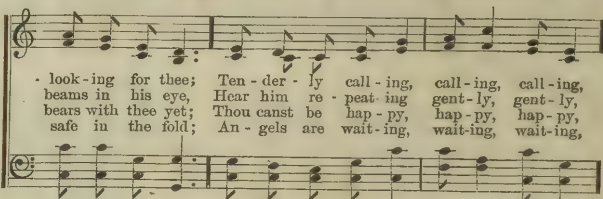
COMING TO-DAY.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

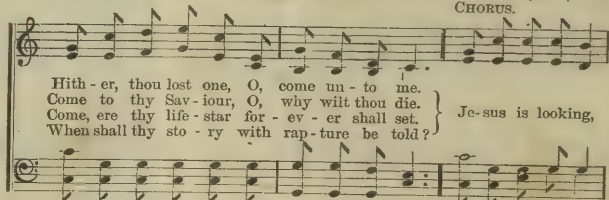


1. Out on the des-ert, look-ing, look-ing, Sin-ner, 'tis Je-sus
 2. Still He is wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, O, what com-pas-sion
 3. Lov-ing-ly plead-ing, plead-ing, plead-ing, Mer-cy, though slighted,
 4. Spir-its in glo-ry, watch-ing, watch-ing, Long to be-hold thee

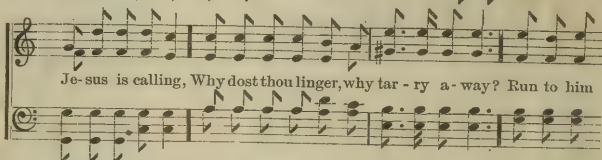


look-ing for thee; Ten-der-ly call-ing, call-ing, call-ing,
 beams in his eye; Hear him re-peat-ing, gent-ly, gent-ly,
 bears with thee yet; Thou canst be hap-py, hap-py, hap-py,
 safe in the fold; An-gels are wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing,

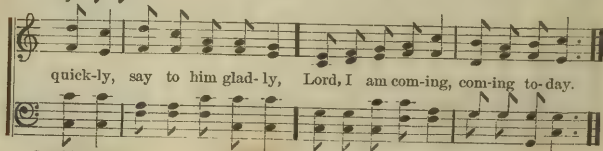
CHORUS.



Hith-er, thou lost one, O, come un-to me.
 Come to thy Sav-iour, O, why wilt thou die.
 Come, ere thy life-star for-ev-er shall set. } Je-sus is looking,
 When shall thy sto-ry with rap-ture be told?



Je-sus is calling, Why dost thou linger, why tar-ry a-way? Run to him



quick-ly, say to him glad-ly, Lord, I am com-ing, com-ing to-day.

TO JESUS I WILL GO.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. There's a gen-tle voice within calls a - way, 'Tis a warning I have
 2. He has promised all my sins to for-give, If I ask in sim-ple
 3. I will try to bear the cross in my youth, And be faithful to its
 4. Still the gen-tle voice within calls a - way, And its warning I have

heard o'er and o'er; But my heart is melt-ed now, I o - bey;
 faith for his love; In his ho - ly word I learn how to live,
 cause till I die; If with cheer-ful step I walk in the truth,
 heard o'er and o'er; But my heart is melt-ed now, I o - bey;

CHORUS.

From my Sav-iour I will wan-der no more.
 And to la-bor for his king-dom a - bove. } Yes, I will go;
 I shall wear a star-ry crown by and by.
 From my Sav-iour I will wan-der no more.

yes I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved; Yes, I will go;

yes I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved.

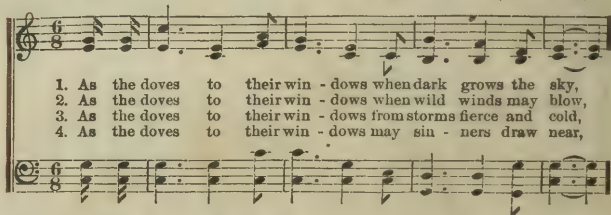
6

AS THE DOVES TO THEIR WINDOWS.

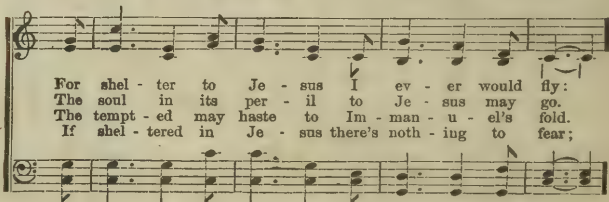
Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?—Isa. 60: 8.

C. W. RAY.

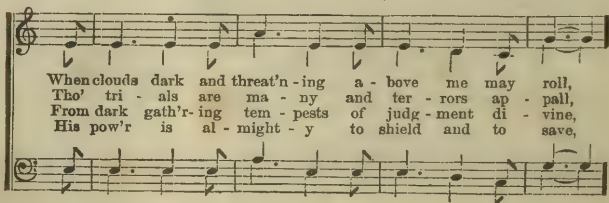
R. M. McINTOSH, Mus. Doc.



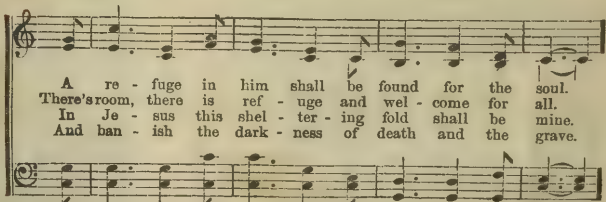
1. As the doves to their win - dows when dark grows the sky,
 2. As the doves to their win - dows when wild winds may blow,
 3. As the doves to their win - dows from storms fierce and cold,
 4. As the doves to their win - dows may sin - ners draw near,



For shel - ter to Je - sus I ev - er would fly:
 The soul in its per - il to Je - sus may go.
 The tempt - ed may haste to Im - man - u - el's fold.
 If shel - tered in Je - sus there's noth - ing to fear;



When clouds dark and threat'n - ing a - bove me may roll,
 Tho' tri - als are ma - ny and ter - rors ap - pall,
 From dark gath'r - ing tem - pests of judg - ment di - vine,
 His pow'r is al - might - y to shield and to save,



A re - fuge in him shall be found for the soul.
 There's room, there is ref - uge and wel - come for all.
 In Je - sus this shel - ter - ing fold shall be mine.
 And ban - ish the dark - ness of death and the grave.

AS THE DOVES TO THEIR WINDOWS.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

The win - - dows of mer - - - cy are are
The win - dows of mer - cy are

o - - - - pen and wide, And safe in the
o - pen and wide, are o - pen and wide, And

bos safe in the bos - om of Je - sus we hide, we in
safe in the bos - om of Je - sus we hide, in

hide; Tho' storm-clouds may gath - er and o - ver us
Je - sus we hide; Tho' storm-clouds may gath - er and o - ver us

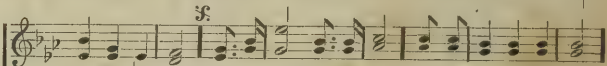
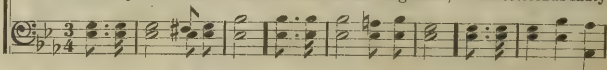
roll, There's ref - uge, there's shel - ter and rest for the soul.
roll, There's ref - uge, there's shel - ter and rest for the soul.

Rev. B. CARRADINE, D.D.

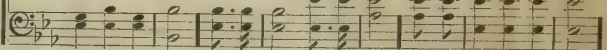
JNO. R. BRYANT.



1. There's a hill lone and gray In a land far a-way, In a country be-
2. Behold! faint on the road, 'Neath a world's heavy load, Comes a thorn-crowned
3. Hark! I hear the dull blow Of the hammer swung low; They are nailing my
4. How they mock him in death To his last lab'ring breath, While his friends sadly

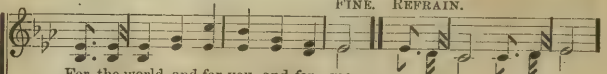


yond the blue sea, Where beneath that fair sky Went a man forth to die,
 man on the way, With a cross he is bow'd, But still on thro' the crowd
 Lord to the tree! And the cross they up-raise, While the multi-tude gaze
 weep o'er the way! But tho' lone-ly and faint, Still no word of complaint

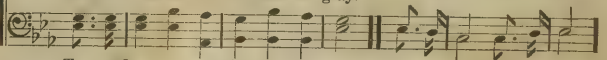


D.S.—For 'twas there on its side Je-sus suffered and died,

FINE. REFRAIN.



For the world, and for you, and for me,
 He's as-cending that hill lone and gray. } O, it bows down my heart,
 On the blest Lamb of dark Cal-va-ry.
 Fell from him on the hil-lock of gray.



To re-deem a poor sin-ner like me.



And the tear-drops will start, When in mem'-ry that gray hill I see;



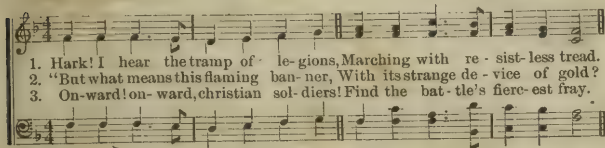
- 5 Then darkness came down,
 And the rocks rent around,
 And a cry pierced the grief-laden air!
 'Twas the voice of our King,
 Who received death's dark sting,
 All to save us from endless despair!

- 6 Let the sun hide its face,
 Let the earth reel apace,
 Over men who their Saviour have slain!
 But, behold! from the sod,
 Comes the blest Lamb of God,
 Who was slain, but is risen again!

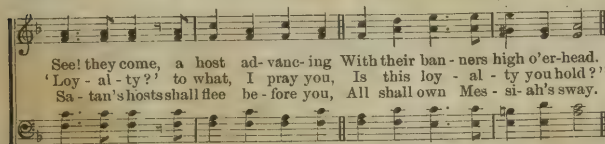
ONWARD, CHRISTIAN ARMY.

JAS. C. HARWOOD.

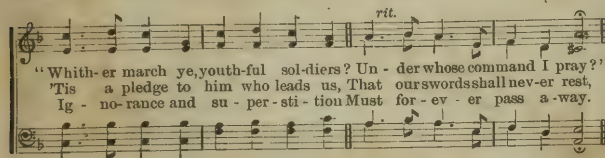
LESLIE F. WATSON.



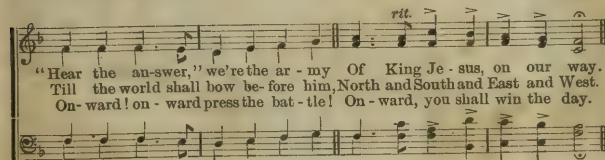
1. Hark! I hear the tramp of le-gions, Marching with re-sist-less tread.
 2. "But what means this flaming ban-ner, With its strange de-vice of gold?
 3. On-ward! on-ward, christian sol-diers! Find the bat-tle's fierce-est fray.



See! they come, a host ad-vanc-ing With their ban-ners high o'er-head.
 'Loy-al-ty?' to what, I pray you, Is this loy-al-ty you hold?
 Sa-tan's hosts shall flee be-fore you, All shall own Mes-si-ah's sway.

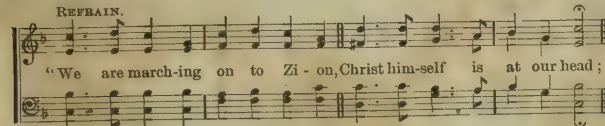


rit.
 "Whith-er march ye, youth-ful sol-diers? Un-der whose command I pray?"
 'Tis a pledge to him who leads us, That our sword shall never rest,
 Ig-no-rance and su-per-si-tion Must for-ev-er pass a-way.

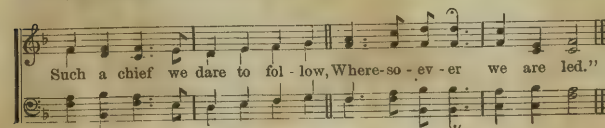


rit.
 "Hear the an-swer," we're the ar-my Of King Je-sus, on our way.
 Till the world shall bow be-fore him, North and South and East and West.
 On-ward! on-ward press the bat-tle! On-ward, you shall win the day.

REFRAIN.



"We are march-ing on to Zi-on, Christ him-self is at our head;



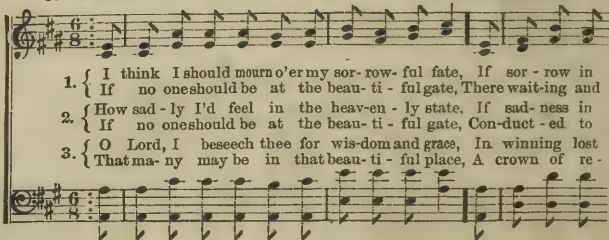
Such a chief we dare to fol-low, Where-so-ev-er we are led."

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AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

J. H. MARTIN.

R. M. McINTOSH.

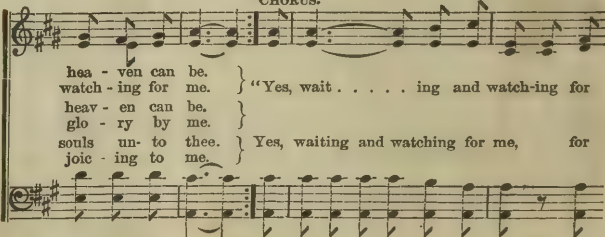


1. { I think I should mourn o'er my sor-row-ful fate, If sor-row in
If no one should be at the beau-ti-ful gate, There wait-ing and

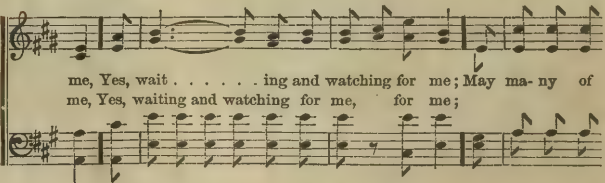
2. { How sad-ly I'd feel in the heav-en-ly state, If sad-ness in
If no one should be at the beau-ti-ful gate, Con-duct-ed to

3. { O Lord, I beseech thee for wis-dom and grace, In winning lost
That ma-ny may be in that beau-ti-ful place, A crown of re-

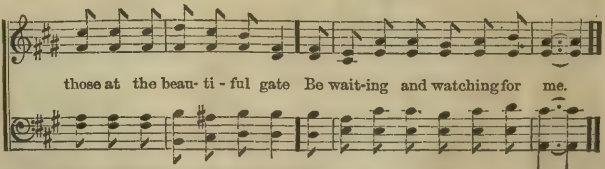
CHORUS.



hea-ven can be. }
watch-ing for me. } "Yes, wait ing and watch-ing for
heav-en can be. }
glo-ry by me. }
souls un-to thee. } Yes, waiting and watching for me, for
joic-ing to me. }



me, Yes, wait ing and watching for me; May ma-ny of
me, Yes, waiting and watching for me, for me;



those at the beau-ti-ful gate Be wait-ing and watching for me.

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

Mrs. ELVINA M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.

1. I hear the Sav- iour say, Thy strength in- deed is small;
 2. Lord, now in- deed I find Thy pow'r and thine a - lone,
 3. For noth - ing good have I Where- by thy grace to claim—
 4. When from my dy - ing bed My ran- somed soul shall rise,
 5. And when be- fore the throne I stand in him com- plete,

Child of weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.
 Can change the lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
 I'll wash my gar- ments white In the blood of Cal- vary's Lamb.
 Then "Je - sus died for me" Shall rend the vault- ed skies.
 I'll lay my troph-ies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

CHORUS.

Je - sus died for me, All to him I owe;

Sin had left a crim-son stain; He washed it white as snow.

11 AGAIN WE'LL NEVER PASS THIS WAY.

"I expect to pass this way but once; if, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to my fellow human beings, let me do it now; let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

P. H. BRISTOW.

W. A. OGDEN.

Andante.

SOLO.

1. Do you hear the Sav-iour pleading, hear him pleading?
2. Out up-on the mountains drear-y, cold and drear-y,
3. Ev'-ry day some soul is dy-ing, yes, is dy-ing,

pp QUARTET.

hear him pleading?
cold and drear-y,
yes, is dy-ing,

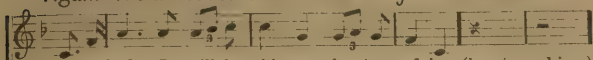
"Go ye forth in- to my vine-yard day by day;
There are souls that may be wait-ing just for you;
On the mountains where they lin- ger, far a- way,

pp QUARTET.

day by day;
just for you;
far a- way,

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Again We'll Never Pass This Way.—Concluded.



Go ye forth, I will be with you in - ter - ced - ing, (in - ter - ced - ing,)
 May be wait - ing near your path - way, O, so wea - ry; (O, so wea - ry;)
 While the Mas - ter on your - self may be re - ly - ing, (be - re - ly - ing,)

pp QUARTET.

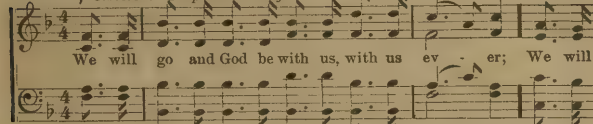


That some soul may from the dark - ness turn a - way." (turn a - way.)
 Will you not go out and tell them God is true? (God is true?)
 That he gets the in - vi - ta - tion while 'tis day. (while 'tis day.)

pp QUARTET.

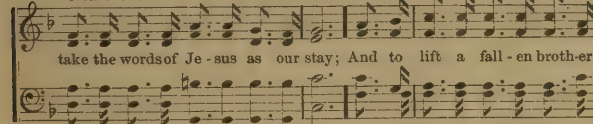


f CHORUS. *Response. Allegro.*



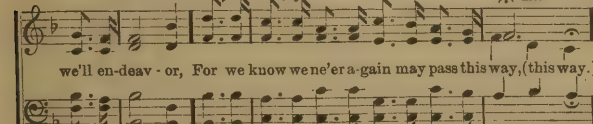
We will go and God be with us, with us ev - er; We will

Cres.



take the words of Je - sus as our stay; And to lift a fall - en broth - er

Rit.



we'll en - deav - or, For we know we ne'er a - gain may pass this way, (this way.)

COME IN AND ABIDE.

Rev. R. H. PITT, D.D.
Slowly, with expression.

Arr. by I. S. FIELD.

1. Come, blest Redeemer! Be thy ser-vants' honored guest—Come in com-
2. Come now, blest Saviour, For we lan-guish as we wait. Why dost thou
3. Come, dear Re-deemer! We are faint and sore distressed. If thou wilt
4. Hail, bless-ed Je-sus! Thou hast heard thy servants' pray'r, And hearts are

pass-ion. Give the troub-led rest. Lo, the day is dy-ing—
 lin-ger At the out-er gate? O-pen are the por-tals,
 en-ter, We are tru-ly blessed. Thou dost soothe our an-guish,
 glow-ing In thy pres-ence fair. Thou hast sown the sunbeams

Lo, the night comes on a-pace, And our spir-its, sigh-ing,
 En-ter in and take thy place. Let us hear thy mes-sage;
 Thou for-giv'st thy peo-ple's sin— We are lost with-out thee;
 Where the shad-ows used to dwell; Thou hast whis-pered soft-ly,

p CHORUS.

Long to see thy face. Je-sus, dear Mas-ter! Let thy face up-
 Let us see thy face. Je-sus, dear Mas-ter! Let thy bless-ing
 Haste! to en-ter in. Je-sus, dear Mas-ter! Come and reign with-
 Peace—all shall be well. Je-sus, blest Sav-iour! Thou shalt be our

p on us shine; Come in love's pow-er— Make us whol-ly thine.
 on us fall; Grant us thy fa-vor; Hear our pit-eous call.
 in each heart; Deign to be near us, Nev-er-more de-part.
 watch-ful guide. Mas-ter! Re-deem-er! Thou for us hast died. *rit. dim.*

OUR BATTLE SONG.

G. A. M.

GEO. A. MINOR.



1. We are marching on, In a mighty throng, With the Saviour as our King;
2. This shall be our song, As we march along, In the arm-y of our King;
3. Come and join our band, Marching to that land, For we shall not fight in vain;



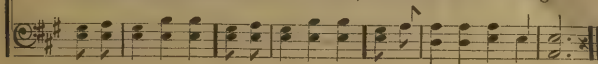
CHO.—1. We are marching on, etc.

CHO.—2. This shall be our song, etc.

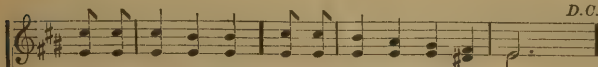
CHO.—3. Come and join our band, etc.



Trying hard to win Precious souls from sin, We will fight and work and sing.
 He will pardon all, Both the great and small, Who to him their sins will bring.
 Over death and sin We are bound to win, For the Saviour lives a- gain.



Lift the ban-ner high, Wave it toward the sky, We will work and fight,
 Let the ban-ner wave! Je-sus Christ will save! He will save from sin,
 Je- sus ev - er lives, Pardons and for-gives; He will lead us on,



For our God and right, And we'll make our anthems ring.
 All who trust in him, And to the cross will cling.
 Till the vict'ry's won, And with him in heav'n we'll reign.



THE ANGEL'S SONG.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

EMILLIUS LAROCHE.

1. Now let us sing the an - gel's song, That rang so
 2. He came to tell the Fa - ther's love, His good - ness,
 3. He came to bring the wea - ry ones, True peace and
 4. He came to bring a glo - rious gift, "Good-will to

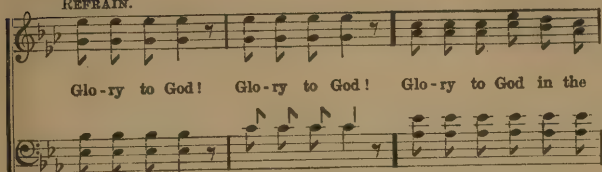
sweet and clear, When heav'n-ly light and mu - sic fell
 truth, and grace; To show the bright-ness of his smile,
 per - fect rest; To take a - way the guilt and sin
 men;" and why? Be - cause he loved us, Je - sus came,

On earth - ly eye and ear, To him we sing our
 The glo - ry of his face; With his own light, so
 Which dark - ened and dis - tressed That great and small might
 For us to live and die. Then sweet and long, the

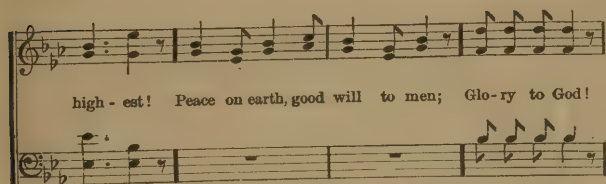
Sav - iour King, Who al - ways deigns to hear.
 full and bright, The shades of death to chase.
 hear his call, And all in him be blessed.
 an - gel's song A - gain we raise on high.

THE ANGEL'S SONG.—Concluded.

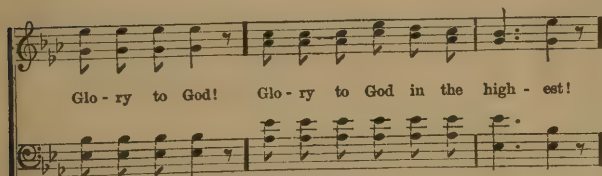
REFRAIN.



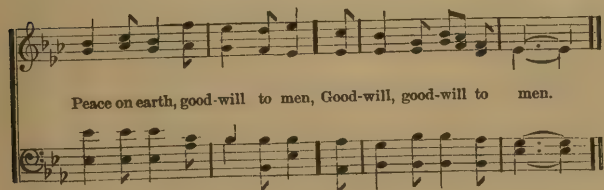
Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God in the



high - est! Peace on earth, good will to men; Glo-ry to God!



Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God in the high - est!



Peace on earth, good-will to men, Good-will, good-will to men.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

R. TORREY.

ASA HULL.

1. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand, Firm as a rock on ocean's strand !
 2. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand ! Sound forth his name o'er sea and land !
 3. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand ! Lift high the cross with steadfast hand,
 4. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand ! Soon with the blest immortal band

Beat back the waves of sin that roll, Like raging floods, a-round thy soul !
 Spread ye his glorious word abroad, Till all the world shall own him Lord.
 Till heathen lands, with wond'ring eye, Its ris-ing glo-ry shall des-cry.
 We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er, In realms of light, on heav'n's bright shore.

CHORUS.

rit. ad lib.
 Stand up for Je-sus, no-bly stand, Firm as a rock on ocean's strand !

a tempo.
 Stand up, his righteous cause defend ; Stand up for Je-sus, your best friend.

GO WASH IN THE BLOOD.

J. H. MARTIN.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Have you looked to Je-sus for his heal-ing grace? Have you
 2. Have you fled to Je-sus from the wrath to come? Have you
 3. Have you come to Je-sus for re-lief and rest? Do you

gone to the Lord for a cure? Are you long-ing, thirsting to be-
 sought the for-give-ness of sin? Are you toil-ing, striv-ing for a
 trust in his mer-cy and love? Are you hum-bly lean-ing on the

D.S.—In the cleans-ing fountain, in the

hold his face? Do you want to be spot-less and pure?
 heav'n-ly home? Do you wish life and glo-ry to win?
 Sav-our's breast? Are you seek-ing a king-dom a-bove?

heal-ing blood, That was shed by the cru-ci-fied One.

REFRAIN.

D.S.

Go and wash in the blood That was shed by the cru-ci-fied One,
 Go and wash in the blood

KNOWLES SHAW.

J. H. ROSECRANS, by per.

1. I am sin - ful, and to thee, Lord, in an - guish I would flee,
 2. Blind and lost, I call for aid: Let thy hand on me be laid—
 3. Cleanse me in thy pre - cious blood, Love's pure, crim - son, stream - ing flood;

To the fount - ain let me go, Make me whit - er than the snow.
 Thou a - lone canst, Lord, I know, Make me whit - er than the snow.
 Robes of bright - ness, Lord, be - stow, Make me whit - er than the snow.

CHORUS.

Blood of the Lamb! in thy wonderful flow,
 Blood of the Lamb! in thy wonderful flow, thy wonderful flow,

Cleanse me and make me whiter than snow
 Cleanse me and make me whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow.

BLOOD OF THE LAMB!—Concluded.

Whiter than snow, the beau-ti-ful snow, . .
Whiter than snow, the beau-ti-ful snow, the beautiful snow,

Cleanse me and make me whit-er than snow . .
Cleanse me and make me whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow.

18

WOODWORTH. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot—
3. Just as I am, though toss'd about With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
5. Just as I am—thy love unknown, Has brok-en ev-'ry bar-rier down;

And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
With fears within, and foes without— O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Be-cause thy prom-ise I be-lieve— O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

BLESSED ASSURANCE.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP, by per.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am

glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God,
 burst on my sight. An-gels de-scend-ing bring from a-bove
 hap-py and blest. Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,

CHORUS.

Born of his Spir-it, wash'd in his blood.
 Echoes of mer-cy, whispers of love. } This is my sto-ry,
 Filled with his good-ness, lost in his love. }

this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my

sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

HOME AND REST.

J. H. SIMMIS.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. When the night comes on and the work is done, And the
 2. When the day goes down in the si - lent town, And the
 3. When the morn - ing breaks and the sleep - er wakes, And the

day dies in the west, And the wel - come call bids the
 dark - ness gath - ers round, While the wea - ry sleep in the
 shad - ows flee a - way, And the glo - rious light bursts up -

work - ers all From their toil to home and rest; 'Tis sweet to know that it
 shad - ows deep, And the watch - man takes his round; 'Tis sweet to know that it
 on his sight As he hails the newborn day; 'Tis sweet to know that it

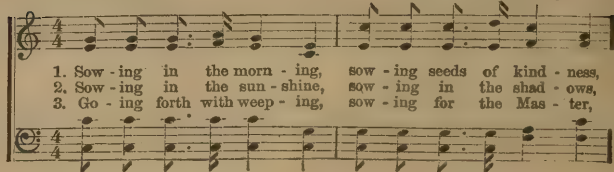
shall be so When the day of life is past, And we shall be from
 shall be so When he gives his lov'd ones sleep, That they shall rest while
 shall be so When the day - spring floods the skies, And sons of God for -

la - bor free To rest at home at last, To rest at home at last.
 an - gels blest Their faith - ful watch shall keep, Their faith - ful watch shall keep.
 sake the sod, And glo - ry greets the eyes, And glo - ry greets the eyes.

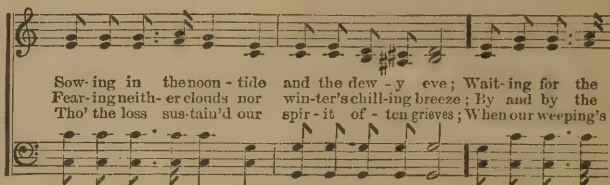
BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

KNOWLES SHAW.

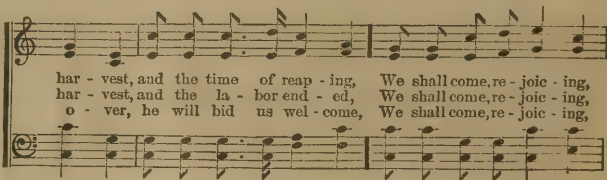
GEO. A. MINOR, hy per.



1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness,
 2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows,
 3. Go - ing forth with weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter,

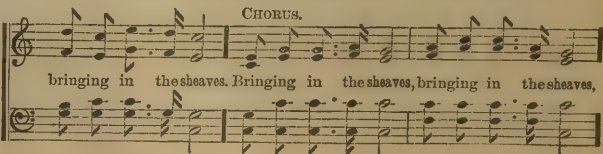


Sow - ing in the noon - tide and the dew - y eve; Wait - ing for the
 Fear - ing nei - ther clouds nor win - ter's chill - ing breeze; By and by the
 Tho' the loss sus - tain'd our spir - it of - ten grieves; When our weeping's

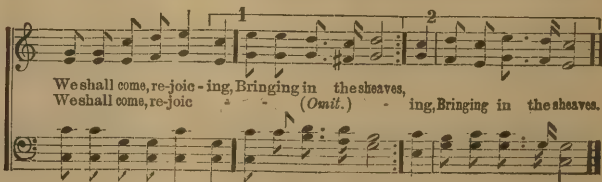


har - vest, and the time of reap - ing, We shall come, re - joic - ing,
 har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come, re - joic - ing,
 o - ver, he will bid us wel - come, We shall come, re - joic - ing,

CHORUS.



bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,



1 We shall come, re - joic - ing, Bringing in the sheaves,
 2 We shall come, re - joic - ing, (Omit.) ing, Bringing in the sheaves.

CLEAVE TO THE SAVIOUR.

J. H. MARTIN.

R. M. McINTOSH, Mus. Doc.

1. Would you please and hon-or Je-sus? Fol-low him in all you do;
 2. Would you have a friend in Je-sus, To sup-port you in your way?
 3. Do you long to be with Je-sus, And a crown of life se-cure?

Would you win his love and fa-vor? Be his serv-ant, faithful, true.
 Own him as your Lord and Mas-ter, Him receive, and love, o - bey.
 Be thou pa-tient in his ser-vice, Meekly to the end en-dure.

REFRAIN.

Cleave to the Sav - iour day by day, Tempt - ed by

sin, go seek him in pray'r; Du - ty per - form, and

cour-age dis - play, Cleave to the Sav - iour ev - 'ry - where.

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

CALLING THEE AWAY.

MARGARET MOODY.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1. Be - yond the cares of life and bit - ter pain, Be -
 2. Be - yond the fad - ing van - i - ties of life, Be -
 3. Be - yond is life and ev - er - last - ing joy, Be -

yond the thought of wealth or earthly gain, A voice is call - ing,
 yond the realms of pass-ion and of strife, That voice is call - ing,
 yond, where naught of e - vil can an - noy, The Lord now calls thee

call-ing thee to - day, From sin and death to quick-ly flee a - way.
 call-ing thee to - day, From all un-right-eous-ness to turn a - way.
 by his bless-ed word; O seek him while his lov-ing voice is heard.

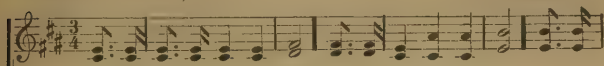
CHORUS.

Call-ing, calling thee a - way, Call-ing, calling thee a - way,
 a-way, a-way,

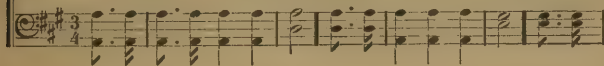
From all earth-ly care and sor - row, Sweet - ly call-ing thee a-way.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN, D.D.

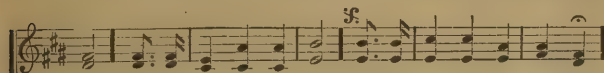
R. M. McINTOSH.



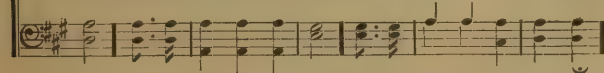
1. 'Tis the bless-ed day of rest, By the Lord kind-ly giv'n, And we
2. Hail the bless-ed Sab-bath rest, With its scenes tranquil, sweet, When in
3. 'Tis a jew-el fair and bright, Joy-ful time, sa-cred rest; 'Tis an



gath-er to worship God, Our Fa-ther, in heav'n: If with low-ly hearts we
Zi-on, the house of pray'r, With gladness we meet; As be-fore the throne we
emblem to us of heav'n, Day fair-est and best; If we keep it to the



come, And thro' Je-sus draw near, What a joy to his chil-dren
bend, With con-fes-ion of sin, Heav'nly peace fills the bo-som,
Lord, And his bless-ing we seek, We shall prize it as gold-en,



D.S.—What a joy to his chil-dren,



In his courts to ap-pear. }
Flows a riv-er with-in. } Blessed day of rest, Blessed day of rest,
As the gem of the week. }



In his house they are blest.

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

COME UNTO ME.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

A. B. EVERETT.

1. Hark, the gen-tle voice of Je-sus fall-eth Ten-der-ly up -
 2. Take his yoke, for he is meek and low - ly, Bear his bur-den,
 3. Then, his lov-ing, ten-der voice o-bey-ing, Bear his yoke, his

on your ear; Sweet his cry of love and pit - y call - eth;
 of him learn; He who call-eth is the Mas-ter, ho - ly,
 bur-den take; Find the yoke his hand is on you lay - ing,

CHORUS.

Turn and list-en, stay and hear. }
 He will teach if you will learn. } Yethat la-bor and are heav-y la-den,
 Light and ea-sy for his sake. }

Lean up-on your dear Lord's breast; Ye that la-bor and are

heav-y la-den, Come, and I will give you rest.

By per. The J. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

BUILDING ON THE ROCK.

D. E. D.

D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1. On the sol - id Rock I am build - ing, And my home will
 2. On the sol - id Rock I am build - ing; Precious stones, gold,
 3. On the sol - id Rock I am build - ing; Wood and hay and
 4. On the sol - id Rock I am build - ing, And my work will
 5. O my broth - er, where are you build - ing, Is your house up -

sure - ly stand the storm; Tho' the tem - pest rage fierce and mad - ly,
 sil - ver, may all be That I place each day in the tem - ple,
 stub - ble will not stand For the fires of God will de - stroy them,
 sure - ly there a - bide; Then the Lord will say, Faith - ful ser - vant,
 on the Rock, or sand? When the winds and waves beat up - on it,

D. S.—On the sol - id Rock I am build - ing,

FINE. CHORUS.

All is safe, for it can do no harm.
 I am build - ing for e - ter - ni - ty. } On the sol - id Rock is my
 His ap - prov - al they can ne'er command - }
 A re - ward a - waits you by my side. }
 Will it fall in wreck, or will it stand? }

And my house will sure - ly stand the storm.

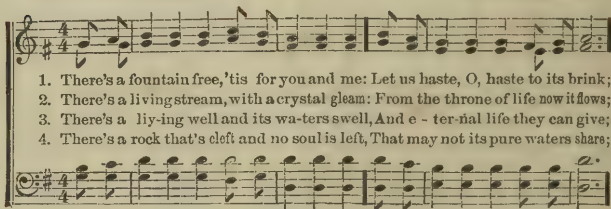
D. S.

build - ing sure, Tho' the tem - pest shock, still it is se - cure.

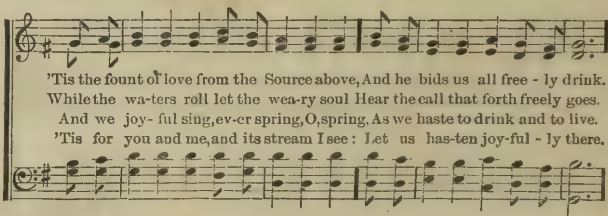
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Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

A. B. EVERETT.

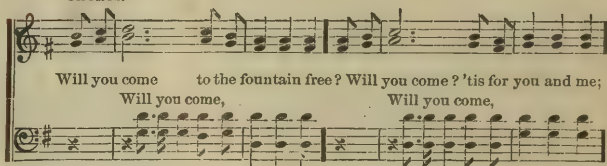


1. There's a fountain free, 'tis for you and me: Let us haste, O, haste to its brink;
2. There's a living stream, with a crystal gleam: From the throne of life now it flows;
3. There's a lying well and its waters swell, And e - ter - nal life they can give;
4. There's a rock that's cleft and no soul is left, That may not its pure waters share;

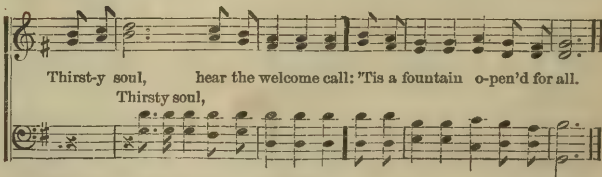


'Tis the fount of love from the Source above, And he bids us all free - ly drink.
While the wa - ters roll let the wea - ry soul Hear the call that forth freely goes.
And we joy - ful sing, ev - er spring, O, spring, As we haste to drink and to live.
'Tis for you and me, and its stream I see: Let us has - ten joy - ful - ly there,

CHORUS.



Will you come to the fountain free? Will you come? 'tis for you and me;
Will you come, Will you come,

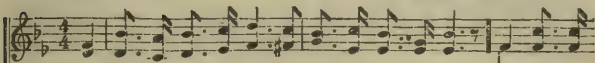


Thirst-y soul, hear the welcome call: 'Tis a fountain o - pen'd for all.
Thirsty soul,

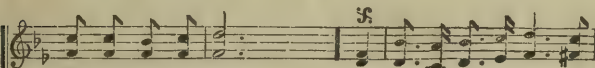
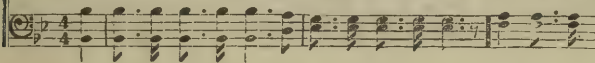
THE FOUNTAIN OF HIS BLOOD.

C. W. RAY.

R. M. McINTOSH, MUS. DOC.



1. In Je - sus I have found, A balm for ev - 'ry wound; Washed in the
 2. In Je - sus I am blest, My wea - ry soul has rest, Washed in the
 3. Be - neath the cleansing tide, From my Redeemer's side, Washed in the

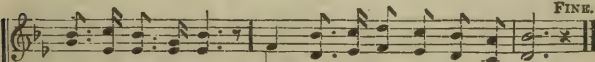


fount-ain of his blood;
 fount-ain of his blood;
 fount-ain of his blood;

Once cru - ci - fied for me, I
 Each stain it doth re - move, Its
 The halt and lame, the blind, May
 of his blood;



D.S.—I'm washed as white as snow, Be -



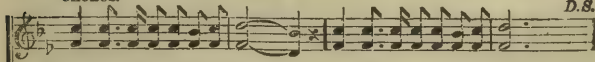
FINE.

now at rest shall be, Washed in the fount-ain of his blood.
 cleansing pow'r I prove, Washed in the fount-ain of his blood.
 heal - ing virt - ue find, Washed in the fount-ain of his blood.



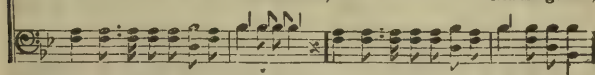
neath the crim-son flow; Washed in the fountain of his blood

CHORUS.



D.S.

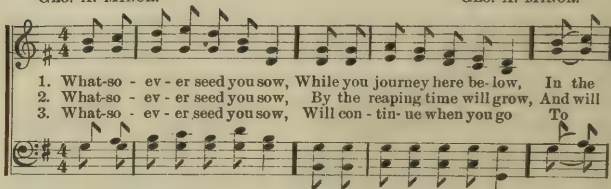
Washed in the fountain of his blood, Washed in the precious cleansing flood;
 of his blood, cleansing flood;



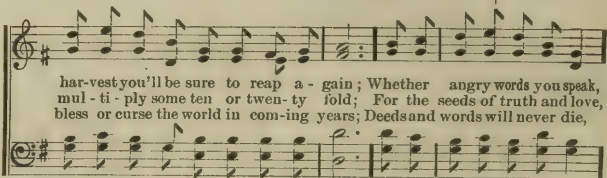
WHATSOEVER SEED YOU SOW.

GEO. A. MINOR.

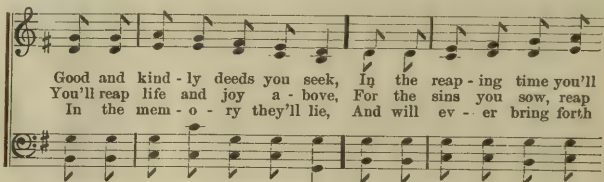
GEO. A. MINOR.



1. What-so - ev - er seed you sow, While you journey here be-low, In the
 2. What-so - ev - er seed you sow, By the reaping time will grow, And will
 3. What-so - ev - er seed you sow, Will con - tin - ue when you go To

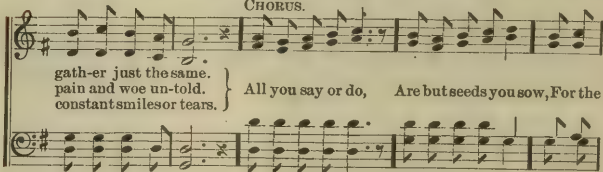


har-vest you'll be sure to reap a - gain; Whether angry words you speak,
 mul - ti - ply some ten or twen - ty fold; For the seeds of truth and love,
 bless or curse the world in com-ing years; Deeds and words will never die,

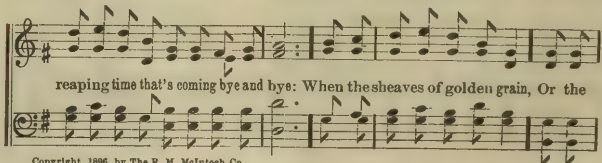


Good and kind - ly deeds you seek, In the reap - ing time you'll
 You'll reap life and joy a - bove, For the sins you sow, reap
 In the mem - o - ry they'll lie, And will ev - er bring forth

CHORUS.



gath - er just the same. } All you say or do, Are but seeds you sow, For the
 pain and woe un-told. }
 constant smiles or tears.



reaping time that's coming bye and bye: When the sheaves of golden grain, Or the

WHATSOEVER SEED YOU SOW.—Concluded.

thorns to give you pain Will be gathered for the judgment day on high.

30 LORD, BLESS OUR SCHOOL TO-DAY.

G. A. M.

GEO. A. MINOR.

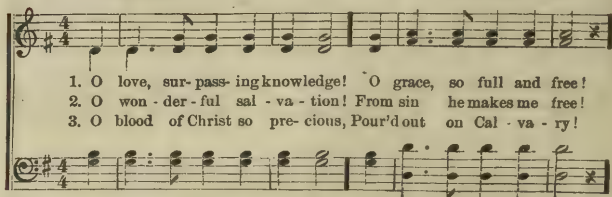
1. Lord, bless our school to-day; Bless us to-day; We come to
 2. Lord, bless our school to-day; Bless us to-day; Teach us just
 3. Lord, bless our school to-day; Bless us to-day; Bless when we

wor-ship thee; Show us the way. Here from the world we turn,
 what to do,—Just what to say. May ev-'ry seed we sow
 read thy word,—Bless when we pray. Bless ev-'ry song we sing,

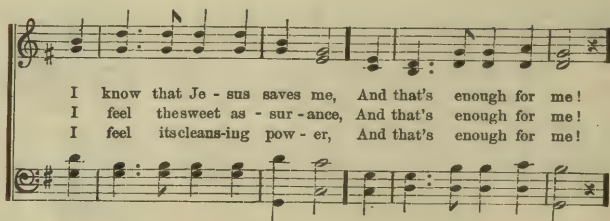
With longing hearts that burn Thy blessed truths to learn. Bless us to-day.
 Spring up, and sure-ly grow And blessings rich bestow. Bless us to-day.
 Each offering that we bring, Bless us in ev-'rything. Bless us to-day.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.

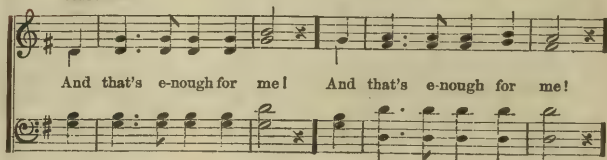


1. O love, sur-pass-ing knowl-edge! O grace, so full and free!
 2. O won-der-ful sal-va-tion! From sin he makes me free!
 3. O blood of Christ so pre-cious, Pour'd out on Cal-va-ry!

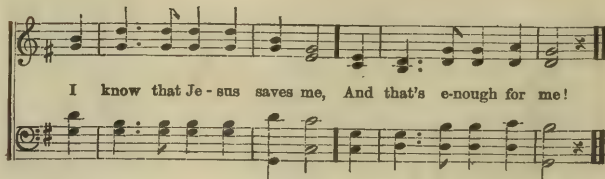


I know that Je-sus saves me, And that's enough for me!
 I feel the sweet as-sur-ance, And that's enough for me!
 I feel its cleans-ing pow-er, And that's enough for me!

REFRAIN.



And that's e-nough for me! And that's e-nough for me!



I know that Je-sus saves me, And that's e-nough for me!

FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

A. B. EVERETT.

1. Sweet-ly, Lord, have we heard thee call - ing, Come, fol - low me!
 2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold dark mountains, Seek - ing his sheep;
 3. If they lead through the tem - ple ho - ly, Preach - ing the word;

And we see where thy foot-prints fall - ing, Lead us to thee.
 Or a - long by Si - lo - am's fountains Help - ing the weak.
 Or in homes of the poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord.

CHORUS.

Foot - prints of Je - sus, that make the path - way glow;

We will fol - low the steps of Je - sus where - e'er they go.

- 4 Though, dear Lord, in thy pathway We follow thee; [keeping,
 Through the gloom of that place of Gethsemane!—CHO. [weeping,
- 6 By and by, through the shining portals, Turning our feet,
 We shall walk with the glad immortals, Heaven's golden streets.—CHO.
- 5 If thy way and its sorrows bearing, We go again,
 Up the slope of the hill-side, bearing Our cross of pain.—CHO.
- 7 Then at last when on high he sees us, Our journey done,
 We will rest where the steps of Jesus End at his throne.—CHO.

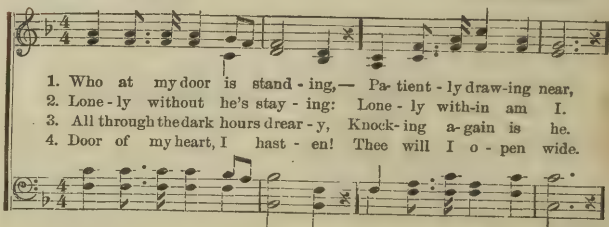
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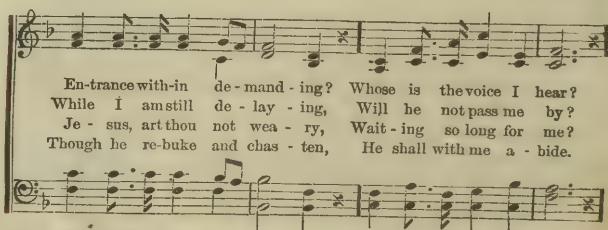
KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

A. B. EVERETT.

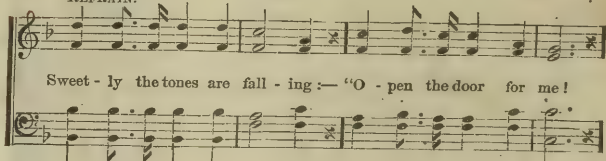


1. Who at my door is stand - ing, — Pa - tient - ly draw - ing near,
 2. Lone - ly without he's stay - ing: Lone - ly with - in am I.
 3. All through the dark hours drear - y, Knock - ing a - gain is he.
 4. Door of my heart, I hast - en! Thee will I o - pen wide.

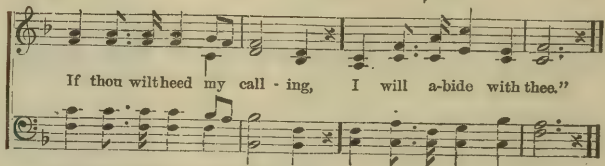


En - trance with - in de - mand - ing? Whose is the voice I hear?
 While I am still de - lay - ing, Will he not pass me by?
 Je - sus, art thou not wea - ry, Wait - ing so long for me?
 Though he re - buke and chas - ten, He shall with me a - bide.

REFRAIN.



Sweet - ly the tones are fall - ing: — "O - pen the door for me!



If thou wilt heed my call - ing, I will a - bide with thee."

By per. The B. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

MOMENT BY MOMENT.

"We have an altar,"—HEB. 13: 10.

GEORGE QUINAN.

GEORGE QUINAN, by per.

1. Moment by mo-ment, moment by mo-ment, The Saviour is mine,
2. Moment by mo-ment, moment by mo-ment, I'm trust-ing in thee,
3. Moment by mo-ment, moment by mo-ment, He keeps me from sin,
4. Moment by mo-ment, moment by mo-ment, He pur-ri-fies me,
5. Just in a mo-ment, just in a mo-ment, The trumpet will sound,

the Al-tar di-vine; He sanc-ti-fies whol-ly, and fills me with glo-ry,
 dear Saviour in thee; I'm sweetly con-fid-ing, and in the Rock hid-ing;
 all ho-ly with-in; By faith I am find-ing, each moment I'm find-ing
 he pu-ri-fies me; Yes, moment by moment, yes, moment by mo-ment,
 the trumpet will sound, And I will be caught up, yes, I will be caught up;

REFRAIN.

REFRAIN.

A - bid - ing in him the true liv - ing Vine. }
This moment I'm dwelling, yes, dwelling in thee.
That Je - sus, my Sav - iour, saves from all sin. } The blood is now cleansing,
The fire of his love is burn - ing in me.
For glo - ry I'm bound, for glo - ry I'm bound.

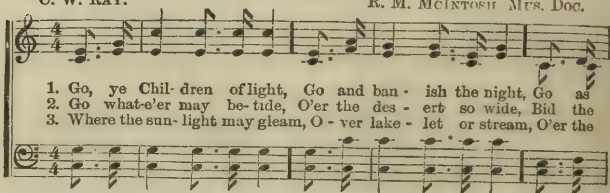
The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The first measure contains a whole note chord. The system ends with a double bar line.

mo-ment, mo-ment by mo-ment, Je-sus is mine, the Al-tar di-vine.

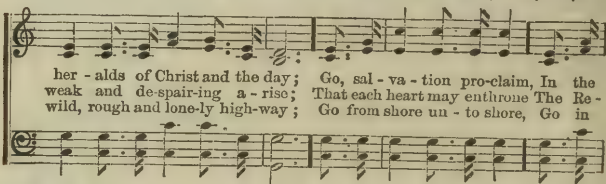
GO BANISH THE NIGHT.

C. W. RAY.

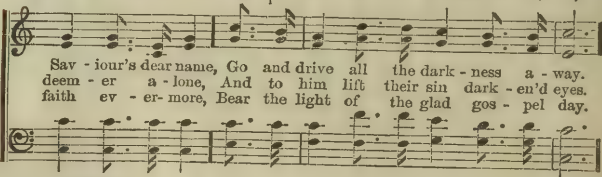
R. M. McINTOSH Mrs. Doc.



1. Go, ye Chil-dren of light, Go and ban-ish the night, Go as
 2. Go what-e'er may be-tide, O'er the des-ert so wide, Bid the
 3. Where the sun-light may gleam, O-ver lake-let or stream, O'er the

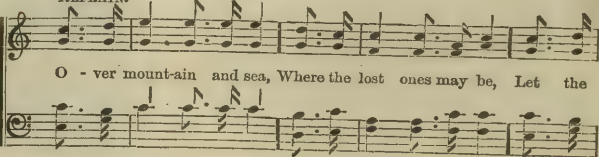


her-alds of Christ and the day; Go, sal-va-tion pro-claim, In the
 weak and de-spair-ing a-rise; That each heart may enthrone The Re-
 wild, rough and lone-ly high-way; Go from shore un-to shore, Go in

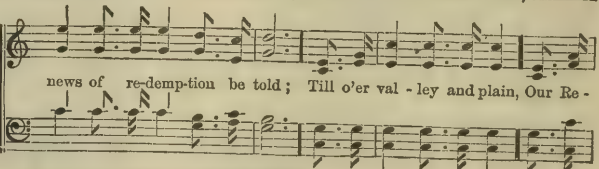


Sav-iour's dear name, Go and drive all the dark-ness a-way.
 deem-er a-lone, And to him lift their sin dark-en'd eyes.
 faith ev-er-more, Bear the light of the glad gos-pel day.

REFRAIN.

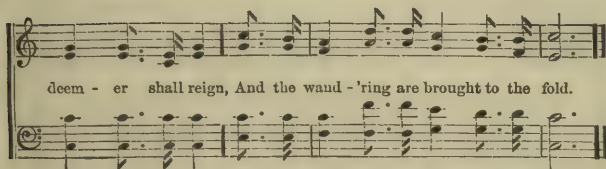


O-ver mount-ain and sea, Where the lost ones may be, Let the



news of re-demp-tion be told; Till o'er val-ley and plain, Our Re-

GO BANISH THE NIGHT.—Concluded.

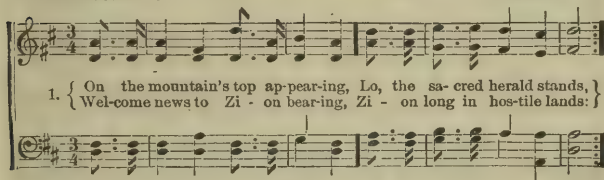


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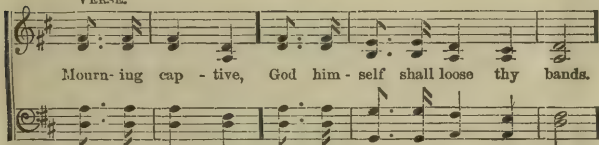
ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

THOMAS KELLY.

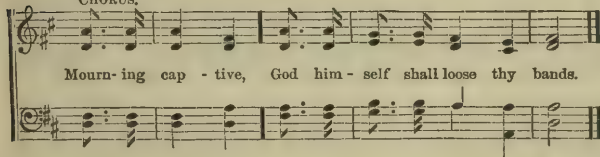
L. MASON.



VERSE.



CHORUS.



2 Has thy night been long and mournful,
 All thy friends unfaithful proved?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
 Cease thy mourning,
 Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee!
 He himself appears thy friend:
 All thy foes shall flee before thee,
 Here their boasts and triumphs end:
 Great deliverance,
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. There is joy in heav'n to-day! There is joy to-day O'er the
 2. When a soul has gone a-stray From the nar- row way, And there
 3. Sin- ner, bow with grat- i- tude, And, with heart subdued, Plead his

lamb that is found a- gain, Far a- way from pas- tures green, Wand'ring
 seem- eth no joy nor rest, Je- sus still as ev- er near, Hear- ing
 mer- cy and par- don free! He will see the fall- ing tear, Hear the

REFRAIN.
 all a- lone On the des- o- late bar- ren plain! } Glory to the Lord of Hosts,
 night and day All the cries of the sin- oppress'd! } fervent pray'r, And will tenderly welcome thee!

Shout the mor- ning star on high, Praise him ever, ye an- gels of light! He has

heard the dis- tan- tery Of the lamb to-day, And he bears it re- joicing home!

By per. The E. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

S. P. C.
Slow.

S. P. CREASINGER, by per.

1. Keep me, O Fa - ther, Bring me safe - ly to thy fold ;
 2. Keep me, O Fa - ther, Lest in sin - ful paths I roam ;
 3. Keep me, O Fa - ther, Till my earth - ly toils shall end ;

Gird me and guide me, Till my Sav - iour I be - hold.
 Guard me and guide me, Safe - ly to my heav - 'nly home.
 Keep me, and guide me, Till be - fore thy throne I bend.

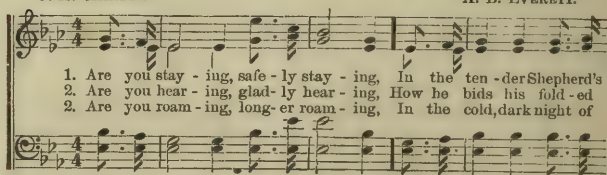
Je - sus, Re - deem - er, I will trust my all to thee ;
 Guide me, pro - tect me, Bless me with thy ten - der care ;
 Heav - en - ly Fa - ther, Keep me, keep me all the way ;

Till I safe - ly reach the realms of glo - ry, Guide, guide thou me.
 For the bliss - ful mansions, Lord, prepare me, Guide, guide me there.
 Keep me, till thy lov - ing voice shall greet me, In that great day.

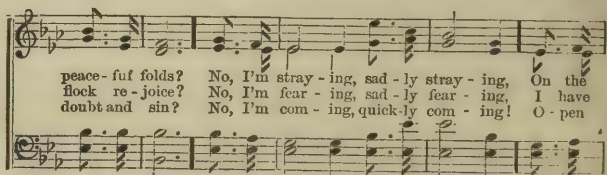
HEAR HIM CALLING.

J. H. MARTIN.

A. B. EVERETT.

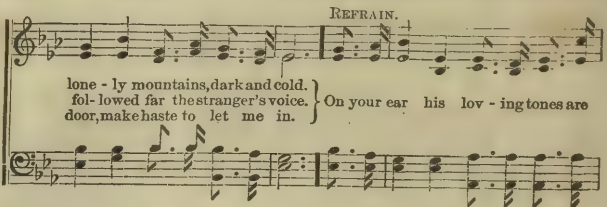


1. Are you stay - ing, safe - ly stay - ing, In the ten - der Shepherd's
 2. Are you hear - ing, glad - ly hear - ing, How he bids his fold - ed
 2. Are you roam - ing, long - er roam - ing, In the cold, dark night of

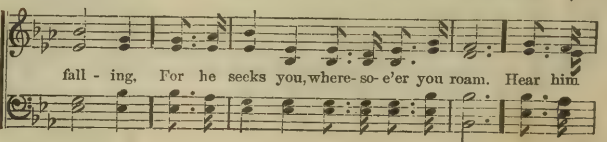


peace - ful folds? No, I'm stray - ing, sad - ly stray - ing, On the
 flock re - joice? No, I'm fear - ing, sad - ly fear - ing, I have
 doubt and sin? No, I'm com - ing, quick - ly com - ing! O - pen

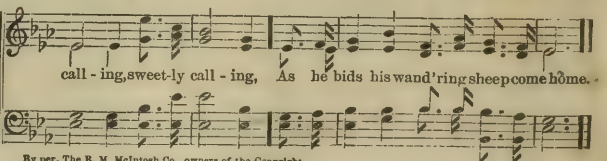
REFRAIN.



lone - ly mountains, dark and cold.
 fol - lowed far the stranger's voice. } On your ear his lov - ing tones are
 door, make haste to let me in.



fall - ing. For he seeks you, where - so - e'er you roam. Hear him

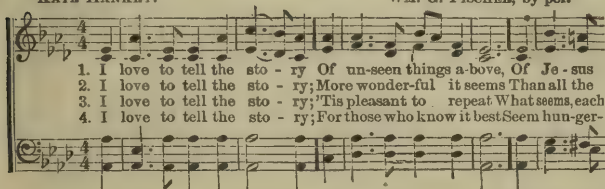


call - ing, sweet - ly call - ing, As he bids his wand'ring sheep come home.

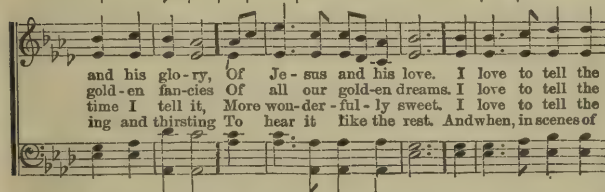
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

KATE HANKEY.

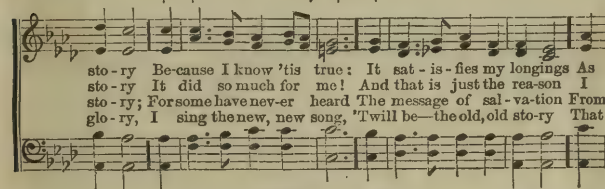
WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems, each
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger -

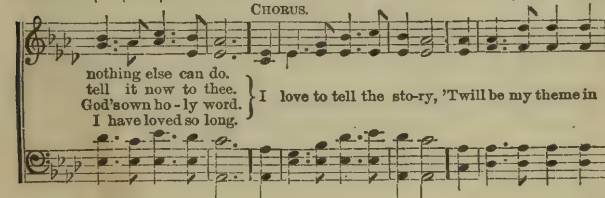


and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. I love to tell the
gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the
time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of

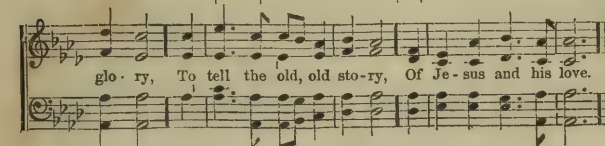


sto - ry Be - cause I know 'tis true: It sat - is - fies my longings As
sto - ry It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I
sto - ry; For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From
glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be - the old, old sto - ry That

CHORUS.



nothing else can do.
tell it now to thee.
God's own ho - ly word. } I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in
I have loved so long.



glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.

IF WE SEND NOT THE LIGHT.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

H. R. CHRISTIE.

1. O ye children of God, Ye redeemed thro' the blood, There is work, there is
 2. Shall the broad land we love, Glo-ry-crowned from a-bove, Be surrendered to
 3. From At-lan-tic's white crest To the shores of the west Must this na-tion be-
 4. Let our off'rings of gold Be increased man-i-fold And each Christian to
 5. With God's blessing the field A rich harvest will yield, And the reapers will

la-bor to do! Souls, de-filed and depraved, From their sins must be saved,
 sin and the world? Or be conquered and won For God's well-be-loved Son
 long un-to God; And the mill-ions in sin Must be all gath-ered in,
 God pay his vow; Bring the tithes to the Lord, And send forth the glad Word
 come by and by, With the sheaves full of grain, And in joy-ful re-frain

CHORUS.

And the Mas-ter asksser-vice from you.
 And his ban-ner of peace be unfurled?
 And be-saved thro' Im-man-u-el's blood.
 Un-till all at his al-tar shall bow.
 Will a-dore the Redeemer on high.

O, our guilt will be great If we

fal-ter and wait While the peo-ple are dy-ing in sin, If we send not the

IF WE SEND NOT THE LIGHT.—Concluded.

light To dis- pel the dark night And for Je- sus the per- ish- ing win!

42 CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

J. H. HANAFORD.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Cast thy bread up-on the wa- ters, Thinking not 'tisthrown away;
2. Cast thy bread up-on the wa- ters, Wild- ly though the bil-lows roll.
3. As the seed by bil-lows float- ed To some dis- tant is-land lone,

God hath prom-ised, thou shalt gather It a- gain some fu- ture day.
They but aid thee as thou toil- est Truth to spread from pole to pole.
So to hu- man souls be- night- ed, That thou fling- est may be borne.

REFRAIN.

Cast thy bread up-on the wa- ters, Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Cast thy bread upon the wa- ters, Why wilt thou still doubting stand?

Boun- teous shall God send the har- vest, If thou sow'st with li- beral hand.

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

FULL CHORUS. *ff*

Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Glo - ry to God!

Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Shall

SEMI-CHORUS, OR DUET. *

be our song to-day. { 1. An - oth - er year's rich mer - cies prove His
2. O, may we an un - brok - en band, A -

cease-less care and boundless love; So let our loud - est voic - es raise
round the throne of Je - sus stand, And there with an - gels and the throng

FULL CHORUS.

Our glad and grate - ful song of praise. } Glo - ry to God in the
Of his re - deemed ones join the song.

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 * Any L. M. doxology may be used here when desirable.

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!—Concluded.

high-est! Glo-ry to God in the high-est! Glo-ry, glo-ry,

ff glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God on high! God on high!

44

WAHONOWIN. 4s & 6s.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. An - oth - er year Has told its four - fold tale,
 2. Ah! not a few Who seem'd life's toil to brave,
 3. Why am I spared To see an - oth - er year?
 4. From God a - lone My mer - cies I re - ceive;

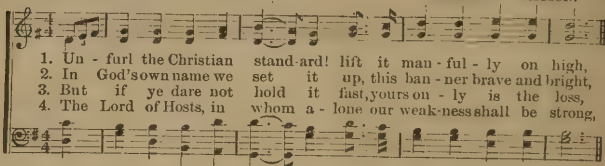
And still I'm here, A trav - ler in this vale.
 Are hid from view, With - in the si - lent grave.
 Why have I shared So ma - ny mer - cies here.
 To him a - lone I would for ev - er live.

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

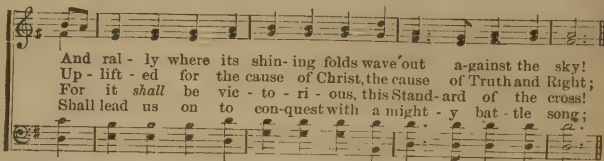
45 UNFURL THE CHRISTIAN STANDARD!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

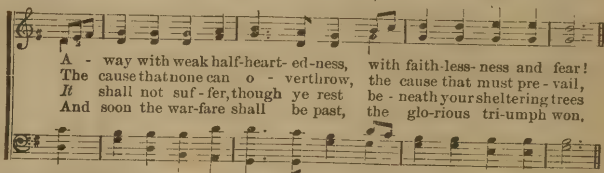
LESLIE F. WATSON.



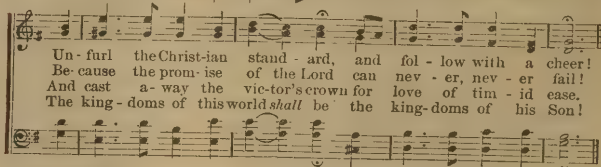
1. Un - furl the Christian stand-ard! lift it man - ful - ly on high,
 2. In God's own name we set it up, this ban - ner brave and bright,
 3. But if ye dare not hold it fast, yours on - ly is the loss,
 4. The Lord of Hosts, in whom a - lone our weak-ness shall be strong,



And ral - ly where its shin - ing folds wave 'out a - gainst the sky!
 Up - lift - ed for the cause of Christ, the cause of Truth and Right;
 For it shall be vic - to - ri - ous, this Stand - ard of the cross!
 Shall lead us on to con-quest with a might - y bat - tle song;

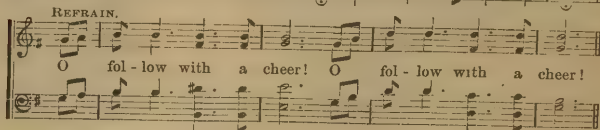


A - way with weak half-heart - ed-ness, with faith-less-ness and fear!
 The cause that none can o - verthrow, the cause that must pre - vail,
 It shall not suf - fer, though ye rest be - neath your sheltering trees
 And soon the war-fare shall be past, the glo - ri - ous tri - umph won,

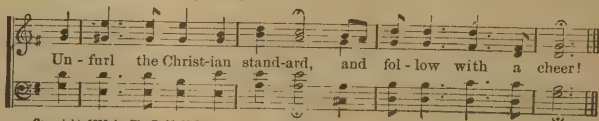


Un - furl the Christ-ian stand - ard, and fol - low with a cheer!
 Be - cause the prom - ise of the Lord can nev - er, nev - er fail!
 And cast a - way the vic - tor's crown for love of tim - id ease.
 The king - doms of this world shall be the king - doms of his Son!

REFRAIN.



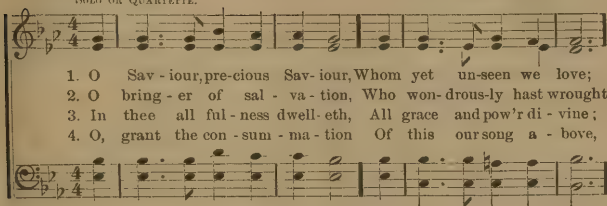
O fol - low with a cheer! O fol - low with a cheer!



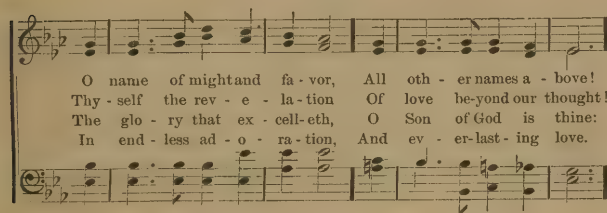
Un - furl the Christ-ian stand-ard, and fol - low with a cheer!

F. R. HAVERGAL.
SOLO OR QUARTETTE.

- LESLIE F. WATSON.

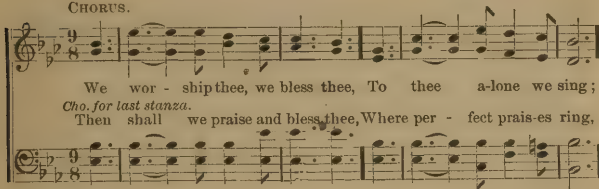


1. O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, Whom yet un - seen we love;
2. O bring - er of sal - va - tion, Who won - drous - ly hast wrought
3. In thee all ful - ness dwell - eth, All grace and pow'r di - vine;
4. O, grant the con - sum - ma - tion Of this our song a - bove,

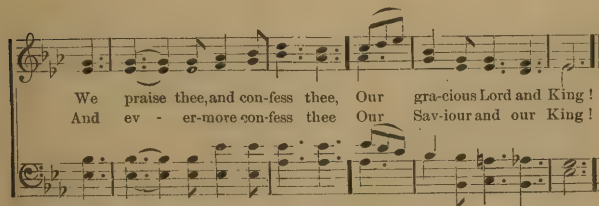


O name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove!
Thy - self the rev - e - la - tion Of love be - yond our thought!
The glo - ry that ex - cell - eth, O Son of God is thine:
In end - less ad - o - ra - tion, And ev - er - last - ing love.

CHORUS.



We wor - ship thee, we bless thee, To thee a - lone we sing;
Cho. for last stanza.
Then shall we praise and bless thee, Where per - fect prais - es ring,



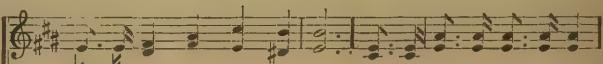
We praise thee, and con - fess thee, Our gra - cious Lord and King!
And ev - er - more con - fess thee, Our Sav - iour and our King!

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

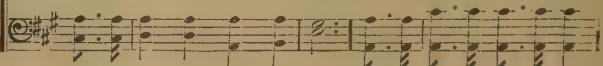
R. M. McINTOSH.



1. In the des-ert, days of old, When they call'd for gems and gold,
2. Then the wom-en that were wise, Spun of blue and pur-pled yes;
3. Might-y rul-ers came and gave Shin-ing gems whereon to grave
4. Thus the work of God's command, By his ho-ly prophet's hand,



For a sa-cred of-fer-ing, On-ly he whose spir-it stirr'd,
 And the call was heard by them. But by will-ing hands, a-lone,
 All the names of Is-ra-el; But their will-ing hands, a-lone,
 Was in sa-cred ser-vice wrought. But the best and bless-ed part,



Will-ing heart-ed, at the word, Might a gift or treas-ure bring.
 Might the broid-ry work be done, Of the sa-cred ves-ture hem.
 By the pre-cious o-nyx-stone, Might the need-ful treas-ure swell.
 Was the glad and will-ing heart, That his lov-ing chil-dren brought.



REFRAIN.



Free-ly give, still he calls,
 Free-ly give, still he calls, free-ly give, still he calls,



FREE GIVING.—Concluded.

And the prom-ise of my word be-lieve. Free - ly give, . . .
Free - ly give, still he calls,

still he calls, And as free - ly do my love re - ceive!
free - ly give, still he calls,

48

HARWELL. 8s & 7s. Double.

BENJ. FRANCIS.

L. MASON.

FINE.

1. { Praise the Sav - iour, all ye na - tions, Praise him, all, ye hosts a - bove; }
{ Shout, with joy - ful ac - cla - ma - tions, His Di - vine, vic - to - rious love; }
D.C.—Be my all to him de - vo - ted, To my Lord my all I owe.
2. { With my sub - stance I will hon - or My Re - deem - er and my Lord; }
{ Were ten thous - and worlds my manor, All were noth - ing to his word; }
D.C.—Let his friends, of ev - ry sta - tion, Glad - ly join to spread his fame.

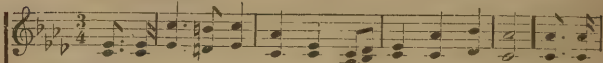
D.C.
Be his king - dom now promoted, Let the earth her monarch know.
Be his king - dom now promot - ed, Let the earth her monarch know.
While the heralds of sal - vation His abounding grace proclaim,
While the her - alds of sal - vation His abound - ing grace proclaim,

THE BEAUTIFUL PARADISE GATE.

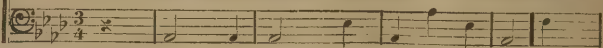
E. R. LATTA.

JOHN R. BRYANT.

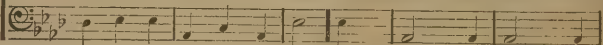
DUET. SOPRANO and ALTO.



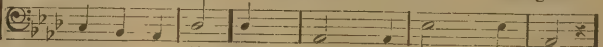
1. There's a heav-en-ly gar-den, more won-drous-ly fair, Than ter
2. There, the wiles of the temp-ter, the bliss can-not mar! There's no
3. There's a high-way of God, where we safe-ly may go, That is
4. O, how ma-n-y are there, that have gone on a-head! And are



res-tri-al E-den's es-tate; And, the sanc-ti-fied loved ones a-
sick-ness, or sor-row, or hate! And, the heirs of sal-va-tion are
o-pen to small and to great; And, the faith-ful dis-ci-ples, an
safe in that bless-ed re-treat! To their home-coming spir-its, a



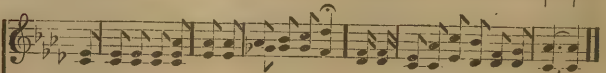
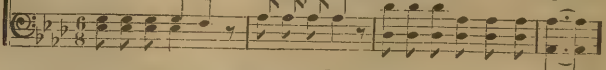
wait for me, there, At the beau-ti-ful Par-a-dise gate!
welcomed, from far, At the beau-ti-ful Par-a-dise gate!
entrance, shall know, At the beau-ti-ful Par-a-dise gate!
wel-come was said, At the beau-ti-ful Par-a-dise gate!



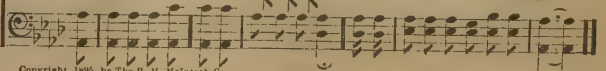
CHORUS.



Beau-ti-ful gate! beau-ti-ful gate!
Beau-ti-ful gate! beau-ti-ful gate! Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful gate!



Shall I, and shall you, Be allowed to go thro' Thro' the beautiful Paradise gate.



"I WILL UPHOLD THEE."

Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS.

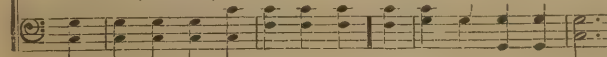
R. M. McINTOSH.



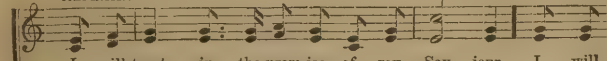
1. O prom-ise sweet! he lead-eth me O'er wa-ters wild and deep;
2. Some-times he leads o'er mountain height, Or val-leys dark and drear;
3. Some-times he leads by wa-ters still, Where all is peace and love;
4. It mat-ters not if shad-ows lie' Up-on my path-way here,
5. O glo-rious Light! I'll fol-low thee Wherev-er thou may'st shine;



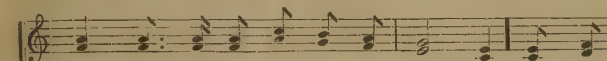
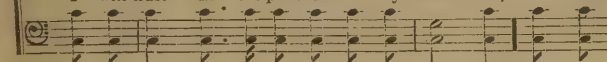
I will not fear the rag-ing sea If he my soul doth keep.
 Yet worn and wea-ry 'in the night, His bless-ed voice I hear!
 And qui-et joys my bos-om fill Like that sweet rest a-bove.
 A gold-en light il-lumes my sky, If on-ly God is near!
 At home, a-broad, on land or sea No oth-er joy is mine.



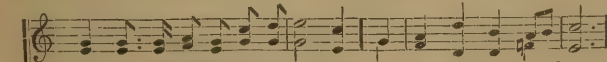
REFRAIN.



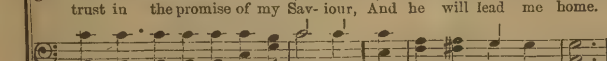
I will trust in the prom-ise of my Sav-iour, I will



trust in the prom-ise of my Sav-iour, I will



trust in the promise of my Sav-iour, And he will lead me home.

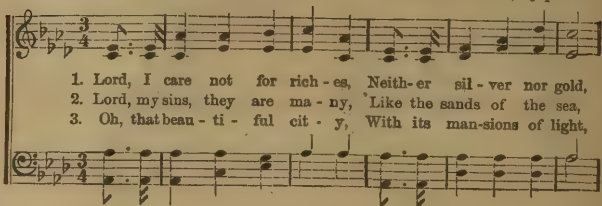


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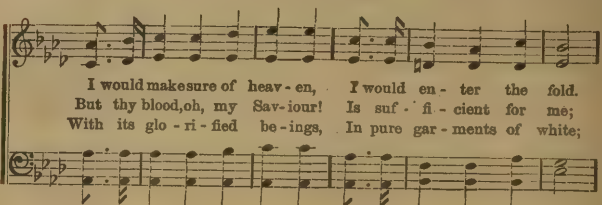
IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER.

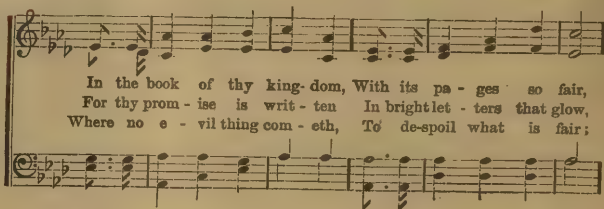
FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



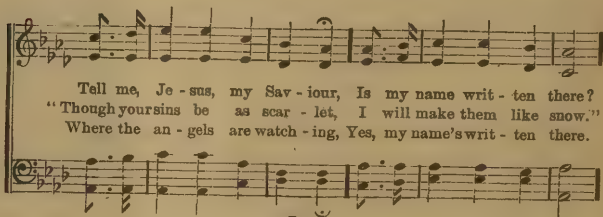
1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Neith-er sil-ver nor gold,
 2. Lord, my sins, they are ma-ny, 'Like the sands of the sea,
 3. Oh, that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its man-sions of light,



I would make sure of heav-en, I would en-ter the fold.
 But thy blood, oh, my Sav-iour! Is suf-fi-cient for me;
 With its glo-ri-fied be-ings, In pure gar-ments of white;



In the book of thy king-dom, With its pa-ges so fair,
 For thy prom-ise is writ-ten In bright let-ters that glow,
 Where no e-vil thing com-eth, To de-spoil what is fair;



Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-iour, Is my name writ-ten there?
 "Though your sins be as scar-let, I will make them like snow."
 Where the an-gels are watch-ing, Yes, my name's writ-ten there.

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?

In the book of thy king-dom, Is my name writ - ten there?

52

YARBROUGH.

MISS FRANCES E. HAVERGAL.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to thee;
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for thee;
 3. Take my sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;
 4. Take my will and make it thine, It shall be no long-er mine;
 5. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At thy feet its treasure-store;

CHO.—Lord, I give my life to thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be;

D.C.

Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of thy love.
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on-ly for my King.
 Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
 Take my heart, it is thine own, It shall be thy roy-al throne.
 Take my self, and I will be Ev-er, on-ly, all for thee.

Lord, I give my life to thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be,

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ONLY TRUST HIM.

J. H. STOCKTON.

J. H. STOCKTON. by per.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord,
 2. For Je - sussed his pre - cious blood Rich blessings to be - stow;
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
 4. Comethen, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

And he will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in his word.
 Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
 Be - lieve in him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.

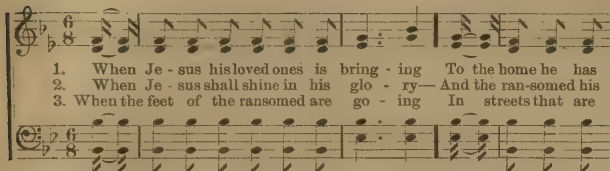
On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now;

He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.

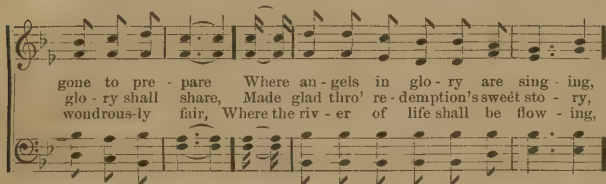
54 I KNOW I SHALL WANT TO BE THERE.

CARRA E. BRECK.

GEO. A. MINOR.

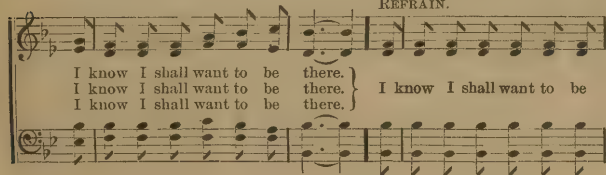


1. When Je - sus his loved ones is bring - ing To the home he has
 2. When Je - sus shall shine in his glo - ry— And the ran-somed his
 3. When the feet of the ransomed are go - ing In streets that are

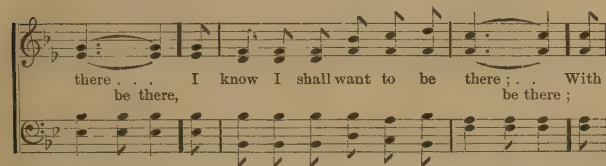


gone to pre - pare Where an - gels in glo - ry are sing - ing,
 glo - ry shall share, Made glad thro' re - demption's sweet sto - ry,
 wondrous - ly fair, Where the riv - er of life shall be flow - ing,

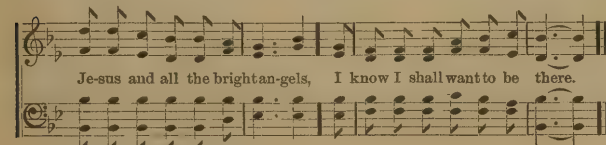
REFRAIN.



I know I shall want to be there. } I know I shall want to be
 I know I shall want to be there. }
 I know I shall want to be there. }



there . . . I know I shall want to be there ; . . . With
 be there, be there ;



Je - sus and all the bright an - gels, I know I shall want to be there.

HORATIUS BONAR.

LIZZIE I. DEMOSS, by per.

1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be!
 2. I dare not choose my lot; I would not if I might;
 3. Choose thou for me my friends, My sick - ness or my health;
 4. Not mine, not mine the choice, In things or great or small;

Lead me by thine own hand; Choose out the path for me.
 Choose thou for me, my God, So shall I walk a - right.
 Choose thou my cares for me, My pov - er - ty or wealth.
 Be thou my guide, my strength, My wis - dom, and my all.

CHORUS.

O, guide . . . me Heav-en-ly Fa - ther! O, guide . . . me
 O, guide me, guide me Heav-en-ly Fa - ther! O, guide me, guide me

Heav-en-ly Fa - ther! O, guide . . . me Heav-en-ly Fa - ther!
 Heav-en-ly Fa - ther! O, guide me, guide me Heav-en-ly Fa - ther!

Copyright, 1891, by Lizzie I. DeMoss.

O, GUIDE ME.—Concluded.

O, guide me all the way.
 O, guide me, guide me all the way, all the way.

56

GREGORY. C. P. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

L. C. EVERETT.

1. Come on, my partners in distress, My comrades thro' the wil-der-ness,
 2. Be - yond the bounds of time and space Look forward to that heav'nly place,
 3. Who suf-fer with our Mas-ter here, We shall be-fore his face ap-pear,
 4. Thrice bless-ed, bliss-in-spir-ing hope! It lifts the faint-ing spir-its up,

Who still your bod-ies feel: A - while for-get your griefs and fears,
 The saints' se-cure a - bode: On faith's strong ea-gle - pin - ions rise,
 And by his side sit down: To pa - tient faith the prize is sure;
 It brings to life the dead: Our con - flicts here shall soon be past,


And look be-yond this vale of tears To that ce - les - tial hill.
 And force your pas-sage to the skies, And scale the mount of God.
 And all that to the end en-dure The cross, shall wear the crown.
 And you and I as-cend at last, Tri-umph-ant with our Head.

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

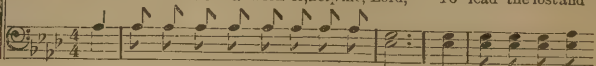

I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

I. BALTZELL.



ISAIAH BALTZELL, by per.



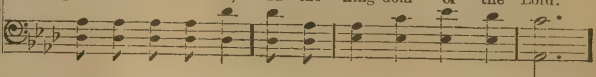
1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord, I want to love and
 2. I want to be a work-er ev-'ry day, I want to lead the
 3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave, I want to trust in
 4. I want to be a work-er, help me, Lord, To lead the lost and


trust his ho-ly word, I want to sing and pray, and be
 err-ing in the way, That leads to heav'n a-bove, where
 Je-sus' pow'r to save, All who will tru-ly come, shall
 err-ing to thy word, That points to joys on high, where


bus-y ev-'ry day, In the vine-yard of the Lord.
 all is peace and love, In the king-dom of the Lord.
 find a hap-py home, In the king-dom of the Lord.
 pleasures nev-er die, In the king-dom of the Lord.



CHORUS.



I will work, I will pray, In the vineyard, in the
 I will work and pray, I will work and pray,



I WANT TO BE A WORKER.—Concluded.

vine-yard of the Lord, I will work, I will pray,
of the Lord,

I will la - bor ev - 'ry day, In the vine-yard of the Lord.

58

DUNCAN. S. M.

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Sow in the morn thy seed, At eve hold not thy hand: To
2. Thou know'st not which shall thrive, The late or ear - ly sown; Grace
3. And du - ly shall ap - pear, In ver - dure, beau - ty, strength, The
4. Then, when the fin - al end, The day of God is come, The

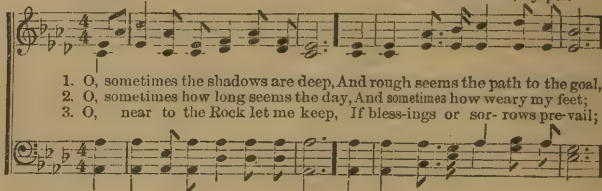
doubt and fear give thou no heed—Broad-cast it o'er the land.
keeps the pre-cious germ a - live, When and wher-ev - er strown;
ten-der blade, the stalk, the ear, And the full corn at length.
an - gel reap - ers shall de-scend, And heav'nsing, "Harvest home!

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

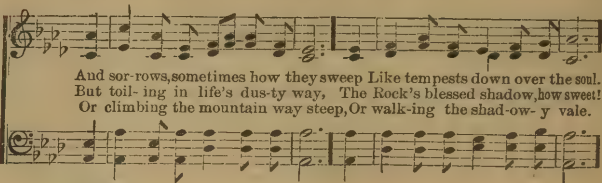
59 THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

E. JOHNSON.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

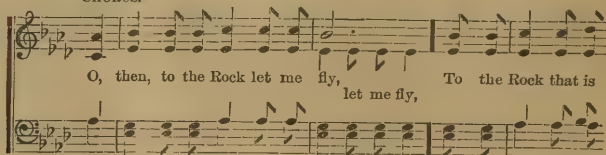


1. O, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. O, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. O, near to the Rock let me keep, If blessings or sorrows pre-vail;

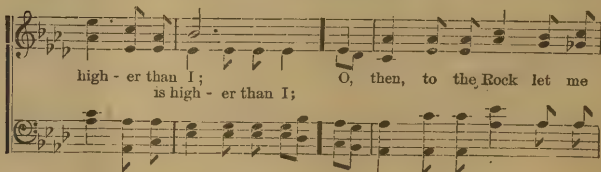


And sor-rows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
But toil-ing in life's dus-ty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climbing the mountain way steep, Or walk-ing the shad-ow-y vale.

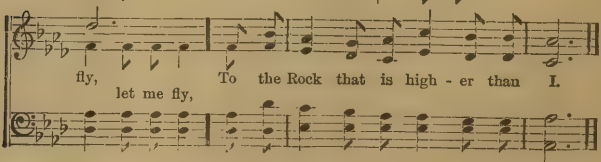
CHORUS.



O, then, to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is
let me fly,



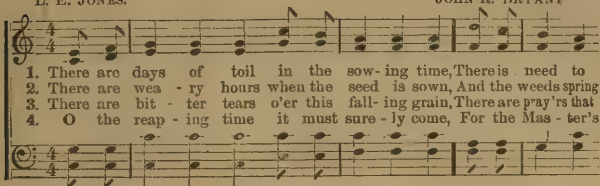
high - er than I; O, then, to the Rock let me
is high - er than I;



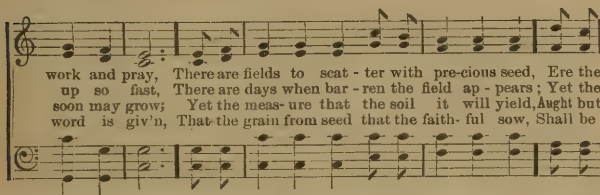
fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I.
let me fly,

L. E. JONES.

JOHN R. BRYANT

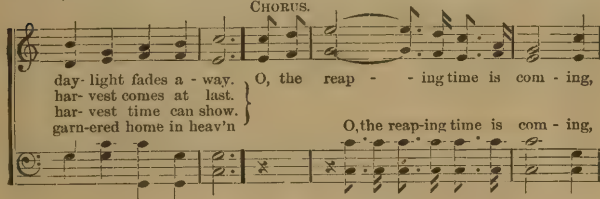


1. There are days of toil in the sow-ing time, There is need to
 2. There are wea - ry hours when the seed is sown, And the weeds spring
 3. There are bit - ter tears o'er this fall-ing grain, There are pray'rs that
 4. O the reap - ing time it must sure - ly come, For the Mas - ter's

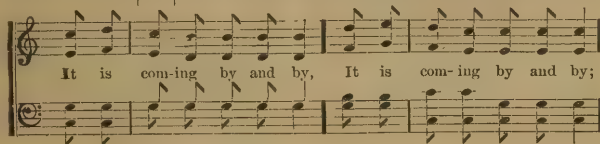


work and pray, There are fields to scat - ter with pre-cious seed, Ere the
 up so fast, There are days when bar - ren the field ap - pears; Yet the
 soon may grow; Yet the meas - ure that the soil it will yield, Aught but
 word is giv'n, That the grain from seed that the faith - ful sow, Shall be

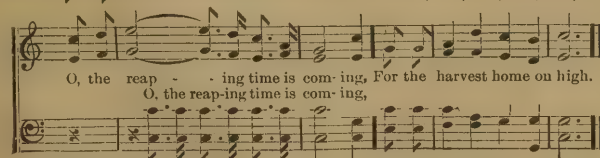
CHORUS.



day - light fades a - way. } O, the reap - - ing time is com - ing,
 har - vest comes at last. }
 har - vest time can show. }
 garn-ered home in heav'n } O, the reap-ing time is com - ing,



It is com-ing by and by, It is com-ing by and by;



O, the reap - - ing time is com-ing, For the harvest home on high.
 O, the reap-ing time is com-ing,

WON'T YOU COME?

MATTIE M. BOTELER.

R. M. McINTOSH, MUS. DOC.

1. Do you think when you turn from your Sav - iour, How lit - tle he
 2. Do you think when you turn from your Sav - iour, How he grieves o'er your
 3. Do you think when you turn from your Sav - iour, How he poured out his
 4. Do you think when you turn from your Sav - iour, Let me ask, have you

asks you to do? Just to come and con-fess and o - bey him,
 hard - ness and sin, How long at your heart he's been knock-ing,
 life - blood for you? O, sto - ry most won-drous and touch-ing,
 count - ed the cost? Tho' you gain all of earth's fleet-ing treas - ure,

REFRAIN.

Af - ter all he has giv - en to you. Won't you come? Won't you
 And yet you will not let him in?
 And you know that the sto - ry is true!
 If your soul in the end should be lost! Won't you come?

come? Won't you come and confess and o-bey? The time is so
 Won't you come? and o - bey?

short for his serv - ice, And no time is yours but to - day!

THE SWEETEST SONG.

W. H. LUCKENBACH.

J. H. KURZENKNABE, by per.

SOPRANO SOLO.

1. No sweet-er song is heard on earth, Than song that
 2. In this sad world of sin and grief, Of our few
 3. Till life shall end, we'll sing this song, Then when we

tells of Je - sus' birth, The man-ger and the rug-ged
 joys it is the chief, To sing of him whose dy-ing
 greet the an - gel throng, The first strain from our harps shall

CHORUS.
 tree On which he died for you and me.
 love Se - cured for us a home a - bove. The Cru - ci -
 be, That Je - sus died for you and me.

Rit.
 fied! The Cru - ci - fied! His crowns of thorns, his bleeding side,

Andante. *accel.*
 His piercèd hands, his wounded feet, We'll ev-er sing in measures sweet.

PLEADING WITH THEE.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

R. M. McINTOSH, Mus. Doc.

1. There is a voice of the ten-der-est love Plead-ing with thee,
 2. Long he has stood at the door of thy heart, Wait-ing on thee,
 3. Do you not hear him as gent-ly he pleads, Call-ing to thee,
 4. O how he yearns o'er thy sin-burdened heart, Whisp'ring to thee,

plead-ing with thee; It is the voice of the Lord from a - bove,
 wait-ing on thee; Read - v his grace and his peace to im - part,
 call-ing to thee? See with what ser - vor' the Lord in - ter - cedes,
 whisp'ring to thee; Earn - est - ly longs his sweet love to im - part,

CHORUS.

Say-ing, "O come un-to me." "Come un-to me,
 Come un-to me,

come un-to me," Je - sus is ten-der - ly
 come un-to me,

By per. Barbee & Smith, Agents, Publishing House M. B. Church, South.

PLEADING WITH THEE.—Concluded.

call-ing to thee. "Come un-to me, come un-to
"Come un-to me,
me," Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to thee.
come un-to me,"

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COME, SINNER, COME.

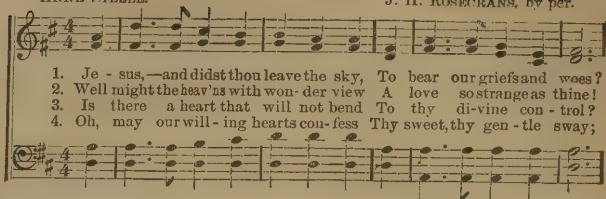
W. E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER.

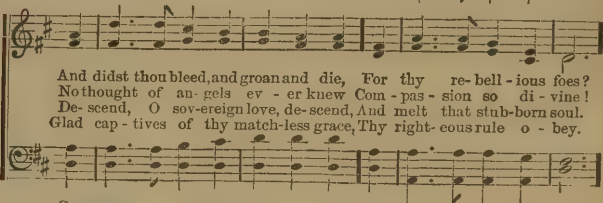
1. While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav-y-la-den? Come, sin-ner, come! Je-sus will
3. O, hear his ten-der-plead-ing, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re-
pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to own him,
bear your bur-den, Come, sin-ner, come! Je-sus will not deceive you,
ceive the blessing, Come, sin-ner, come! While Je-sus whispersto you,
Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! Je-sus can now redeem you, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

ANNE STEELE.

J. H. ROSECRANS, by per.

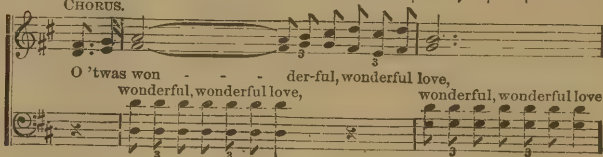


1. Je - sus,—and didst thou leave the sky, To bear our griefs and woes?
 2. Well might the heav'n's with won - der view A love so strange as thine!
 3. Is there a heart that will not bend To thy di-vine con-trol?
 4. Oh, may our will-ing hearts con-fess Thy sweet, thy gen-tle sway;

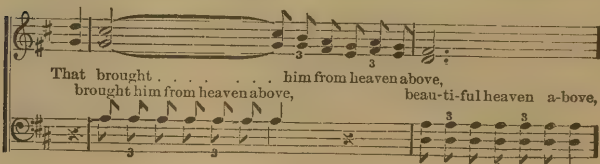


And didst thou bleed, and groan and die, For thy re-bell-ious foes?
 No thought of an-gels ev-er knew Com-pas-sion so di-vine!
 De-scend, O sov-ereign love, de-scend, And melt that stub-born soul.
 Glad cap-tives of thy match-less grace, Thy right-eous rule o-bey.

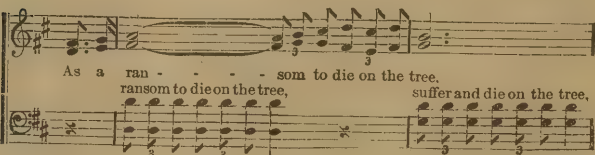
CHORUS.



O 'twas won - - - der-ful, wonderful love,
 wonderful, wonderful love, wonderful, wonderful love



That brought . . . him from heaven above,
 brought him from heaven above, beau-ti-ful heaven a-bove,



As a ran - - - som to die on the tree,
 ransom to die on the tree, suffer and die on the tree,

WONDERFUL LOVE.—Concluded.

To save . . . a poor sinner like me.
 save a poor sin-ner like me, like me, a sinner like me.

66

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

D. R. LUCAS.

J. H. ROSECRANS, by per.

1. There is no love like the love of Je-sus, Known in the tide of time,
2. There is no love like the love of Je-sus, Bright as a fade-less ray,
3. There is no love like the love of Je-sus, Pure as a guileless lamb,

FINE.

For all the a-ges—the years gone by, That love ap-pears sub-lime.
 That comes in peace from the cross di-vine, To nev-er fade a-way.
 It is the glo-ry that lights the throne, The throne of th' great I AM.

D. S.—O sons of men, take the love of Je-sus, Offered to all—to thee.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Je-sus' love, pre-cious love, Bound-less as God, and free.

W. H. BATHURST.

MINNIE V. DeMOSS, by per.

1. Great God, when I ap-proach thy throne, And all thy glo - ry see;
 2. How can a soul con-demned to die, Es-cape the just de-cree?
 3. Bur-dened with sin's op-pres-sive chain, O, how can I get free?
 4. And Lord, when I be-hold thy face, This must be all my plea;

This is my stay, and this a-lone, That Je-sus died for me.
 Help-less, and full of sin am I, But Je-sus died for me.
 No peace can all my ef-forts gain, But Je-sus died for me.
 Save me by thy al-might-y grace, For Je-sus died for me.

REFRAIN.

The Lord is mer-ci-ful,
 Is mer-ci-ful un-to us, Is mer-ci-ful un-to us,

The Lord is mer-ci-ful,
 Is mer-ci-ful un-to us, Is mer-ci-ful un-to us,

THE LORD IS MERCIFUL.—Concluded.

The Lord is mer-ci-ful,
Is mer-ci-ful un-to us, Is mer-ci-ful un-to us,

He died for you and me.
He died, he died for you and me, for you and me.

68

CLAY STREET. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Sal-va-tion, O the joy-ful sound! 'Tis pleas-ure to our ears:
2. Bur-ied in sor-row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay;
3. Sal-va-tion! let the ech-o fly The spa-cious earth a-round,

A sov-er-ign balm for ev-'ry wound, A cor-dial for our fears.
But we a-rise by grace di-vine To see a heav-'nly day.
While all the ar-mies of the sky Con-spire to raise the sound.

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

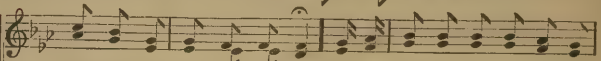
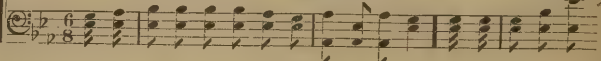
THE KINGDOM TO COME.

Mrs. HANNAH M. RICHARDS.

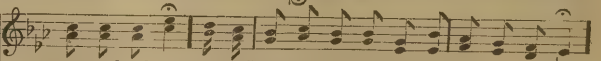
Rev. W. G. COOPER.



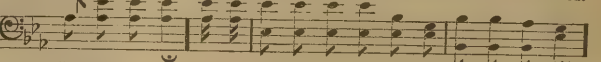
1. Let the world have its diamonds, its sil-ver and gold, I am rich-er by
2. Let the world have its pottage, my birthright I'll keep, For its pleasures or
3. Let the world have its honors, am-bi-tions and fame, In the Lamb's Book of
4. Let the world dive for pearls 'neath the ocean's blue deep, All its treasures and
5. I am near-ing the cit-y, its spires I can see, And its pearl-y gates



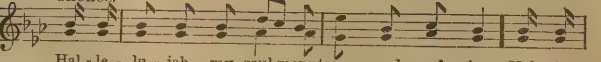
far with the ti-tle I hold; I am heir to a king-dom, a
toys I'll not grov-el or creep; I'm a child of a King, I'll not
Life has been writ-ten my name; When the world is on fire still my
dia-monds and pearls it may keep; I've a man-sion pre-pared in the
soon will be o-pened to me, With the shout of a vic-tor I



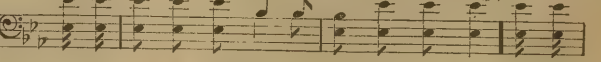
crown and a throne, That shall stand when earth's kingdoms are all o-ver-thrown.
bar-ter a crown, For the tri-fles of earth, for its wealth or re-noun.
name shall en-dure, And my kingdom and pal-ace will then be se-cure.
cit-y of gold, Where the gates are of pearl, and its wealth is un-told.
soon shall be crowned, While the arches of heav'n with ho-san-nas re-sound.



CHORUS.



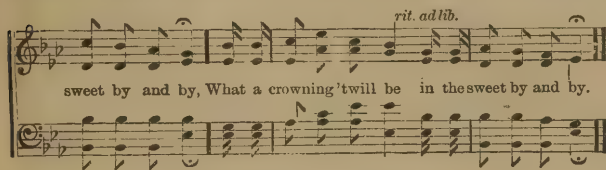
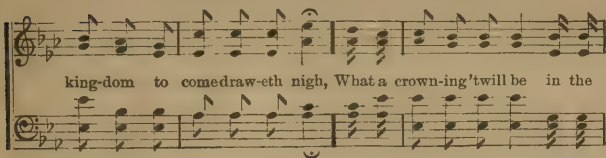
Hal-le-lu-jah, my soul mounts up-ward and sings, Hl-le-



lu-jah to Je-sus, the King of all Kings! Hal-le-lu-jah, the



THE KINGDOM TO COME.—Concluded.

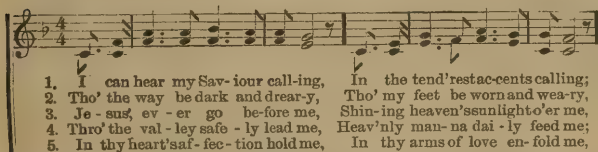


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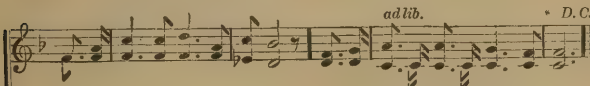
ALL THE WAY.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Arranged.



CHO.—I will take my cross and fol-low, My dear Sav-iour I will fol-low;



On my ear these words are falling, "Take thy cross, and daily fol-low me."
Yet my heart keeps bright and cheery, As I fol-low, fol-low all the way.
And when weak, by grace restore me As I fol-low, fol-low all the way.
Ev'ry hour, dear Lord, I need thee As I fol-low, fol-low all the way.
And with thine own grace uphold me As I fol-low, fol-low all the way.



Where he leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

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SCATTERING PRECIOUS SEED.

W. A. OGDEN.

Geo. C. Hugg.

1. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed by the way - side, Scat-ter-ing
 2. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed for the grow-ing, Scat-ter-ing
 3. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed, doubt-ing nev-er, Scat-ter-ing

pre-ciousseed by the hill - side; Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed
 pre-ciousseed, free-ly sow-ing; Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed
 pre-ciousseed, trust-ing ev-er; Sow-ing the word with pray'r

o'er the field, wide, Scat-ter-ing pre-ciousseed by the way.
 trust-ing, know-ing, Sure-ly the Lord will send it the rain.
 and en-deav-or, Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield.

CHORUS.

Sow - - - ing in the morn - - - ing,
 Sow-ing the pre-cious seed, Sow-ing the pre-cious seed,

Sow - - - ing at the noon - - - tide;
 Sow-ing the seed at noon-tide, Sow-ing the pre-cious seed;

By per. of Geo. C. Hugg, owner of copyright.

SCATTERING PRECIOUS SEED.—Concluded.

Sow - - - ing in the ev - - - 'ning,
Sow-ing the pre-cious seed, Sow-ing the pre-cious seed,

Sow - ing the pre - cious seed by the way
by the way.

pp

72 HARWELL. 8s & 7s. Double.

D. MARCH.

L. MASON.

FINE.

1. { Hark! the voice of Je-sus cry-ing, Who will go and work to-day? }
 { Fields are white, the harvest wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves away? }

D. C. Who will an-swer, gladly say-ing, "Here am I, send me, send me."

D. C.

Loud and long the Mas-ter calleth, Rich reward he of-fers free;
Loud and long Rich reward

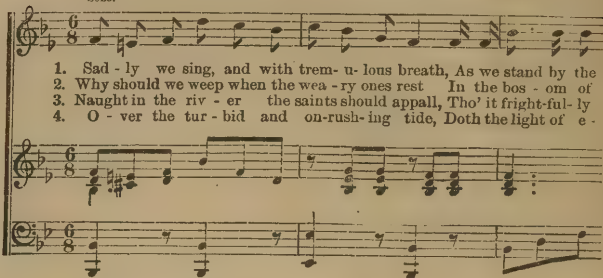
2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you can't speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task he gives you,
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me."

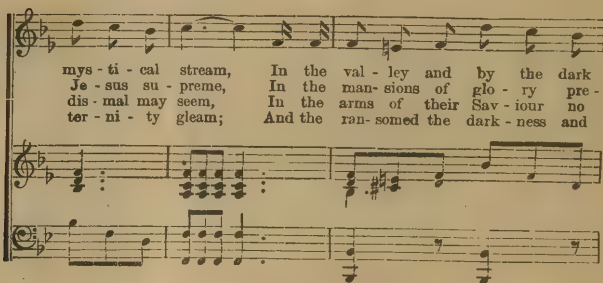
DEATH IS ONLY A DREAM.

C. W. RAY.
Solo.

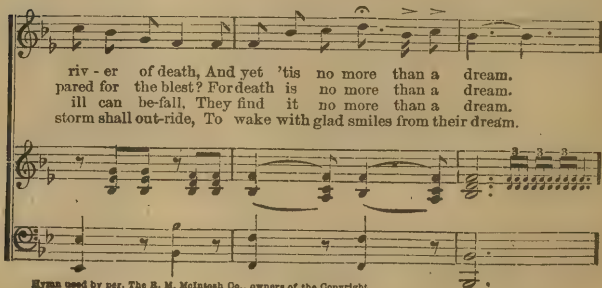
A. J. BUCHANAN, by per.



1. Sad - ly we sing, and with trem - u - lous breath, As we stand by the
 2. Why should we weep when the wea - ry ones rest In the bos - om of
 3. Naught in the riv - er the saints should appall, Tho' it fright - ful - ly
 4. O - ver the tur - bid and on - rush - ing tide, Doth the light of e -



mys - ti - cal stream, In the val - ley and by the dark
 Je - sus su - preme, In the man - sions of glo - ry pre -
 dis - mal may seem, In the arms of their Sav - iour no
 ter - ni - ty gleam; And the ran - somed the dark - ness and



riv - er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.
 pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.
 ill can be-fall, They find it no more than a dream.
 storm shall out-ride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.

Hymn used by per. The E. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

DEATH IS ONLY A DREAM.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *

On - ly a dream, on - ly a dream, And glo-ry beyond the dark stream; How
peaceful the slumber, how happy the waking; For death is on - ly a dream.

* Words of Chorus by A. J. Buchanan.

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E.N.E.E. 8s & 7s. Double.

W. B. COLLYER.

L. C. EVERETT.

FINE.

1. { Think, O ye who fond-ly lan-guish O'er the grave of those you love, }
 { While your bo-soms throb with anguish, They are safe in heaven above; }
 D.C.—Glo-ry's brightest beams are playing Round the happy Christian's head.
 2. { Light and peace at once de-riv-ing From the hand of God most high, }
 { In his glo-rious presence liv-ing, They shall nev-er, nev-er die. }
 D.C.—Pain, and death, and night, and anguish, En-ter not the world a-bove.

D.C.

While your si-lent steps are straying Lonely thro' night's deep'ning shade,
 Cease, then, mourner, cease to lan-guish, O'er the grave of those you love:

By per. The B. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

GRACE W. HINSDALE
Effective as a Solo.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1. I have something Je - sus gave me for my own, (my own;)
2. Like his pres-ence it doth bring me peace di - vine, (di - vine;)
3. If my hu - man hands had found it, I should grieve (should grieve;)

It is something which he sent me from his throne, (from his throne,)
'Tis his sweet and ten - der whis-per, thou art mine, (thou art mine;)
But my Sav-our gave it to me, I be - lieve, (I be-lieve;)

It is something which I car - ry in my heart, (my heart.)
What's the gift I clasp so fond - ly would'st thou see, (thou see?)
O how sweet it is to bear it as his gift, (his gift,)

It is safe till Je - sus bids me from it part, (it part.)
'Tis a cross which Christ my Mas - ter gave to me, (to me.)
While the bur - den of my sor - row Christ doth lift, (doth lift.)

SOMETHING JESUS GAVE ME.—Concluded.

'Tis a cross . . he gave me, All in love he gave e.
a cross yes, in love

To have . . to bear . . In meekness, and in prayer.
To have to bear

76

LABAN. S. M.

GEORGE HEATH.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard: Ten thous - and foes a - rise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
Thy arduous work will not be done Till thou ob - tain thy crown.
He'll take thee, 'at thy part - ing breath, To his di - vine a - bode.

H. E. BLAIE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the hap - py gold - en shore, Where the faith - ful part no more,
 2. Here our fond - est hopes are vain, Dear - est links are rent in twain;
 3. Where the harps of an - geis ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing,

When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there. Where the
 But in heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there. By the
 In the pal - ace of the King, Meet me there. Where in

night dis-solves a-way - In - to pure and per - fect day,
 riv - er spark-ling bright, In the cit - y of de - light,
 sweet com-mun - ion blend Heart with heart, and friend with friend,

D.S.—storms of life are o'er, On the hap - py gold - en shore,

I am go - ing home to stay, Meet me there.
 Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
 In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.
 Meet me there.

Where the faith - ful part no more, Meet me there.

From "Songs of Joy and Gladness," by per. Copyright, 1865, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

MEET ME THERE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the
Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there,

D. S.

Tree of Life is blooming, Meet me there, When the
Meet me there,

78

EARLY. C. M.

J. G. WHITTIER.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. We may not climb the heaven-ly steep To bring the Lord Christ down;
2. But warm, sweet, tender, e - ven yet A pres - ent help is he;
3. The heal-ing of the seam-less dress Is by our beds of pain;

In vain we search the low - est deeps, For him no depths can drown.
And faith has yet its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.
We touch him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.

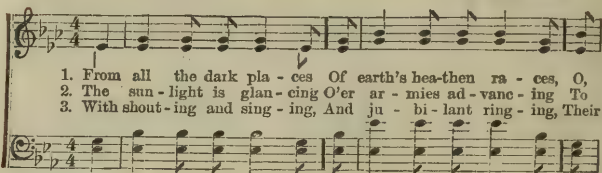
- 4 Thro' him the first fond prayers are said | 5 O Lord and Master of us all,
Our lips of childhood frame; | Whate'er our name or sign,
The last low whispers of our dead | We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
Are burdened with his name. | We test our lives by thine!

By per. The E. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

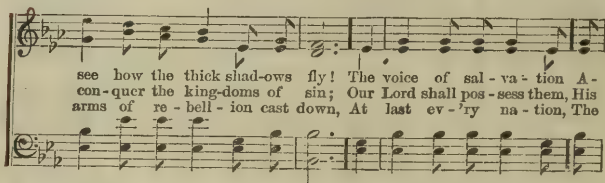
THE KINGDOM COMING.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

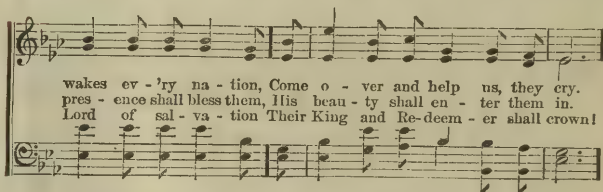
R. M. McINTOSH.



1. From all the dark pla - ces Of earth's bea-then ra - ces, O,
 2. The sun - light is glan - cing O'er ar - mies ad - vanc - ing To
 3. With shout - ing and sing - ing, And ju - bi - lant ring - ing, Their

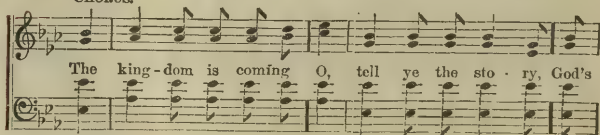


see how the thick shad - ows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion A -
 con - quer the king - doms of sin; Our Lord shall pos - sess them, His
 arms of re - bell - ion cast down, At last ev - 'ry na - tion, The

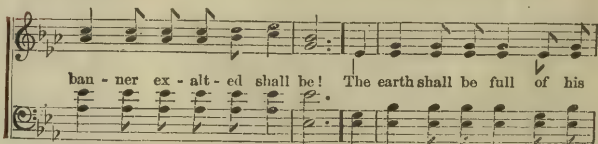


wakes ev - 'ry na - tion, Come o - ver and help us, they cry.
 pres - ence shall bless them, His beau - ty shall en - ter them in.
 Lord of sal - va - tion Their King and Re - deem - er shall crown!

CHORUS.



The king - dom is coming O, tell ye the sto - ry, God's



ban - ner ex - alt - ed shall be! The earth shall be full of his

THE KINGDOM COMING.—Concluded.

knowl-edge and glo - ry, As wa - ters that coy - er the seal

80 WATCHMAN, TELL US. 7s. Double.

JOHN BOWRING.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Watchman. tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are.
2. Watchman, tell us of the night; High-er yet that star as-cends.
3. Watchman, tell us of the night, For the morn-ing seems to dawn.

Trav-'ler, o'eryon mountain's height, See that glo - ry beam-ing star.
Trav-'ler, bless-ed-ness and light, Peace and truth, its course por-tends.
Trav-'ler, dark-ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter - ror are with-drawn.

Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore - tell?
Watchman, will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Watchman, let thy wand'rings cease; Hie thee to thy qui - et home.

Trav-'ler, yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el.
Trav-'ler, a - ges are its own; See! it bursts o'er all the earth.
Trav-'ler, lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come.

WHY STAND YE HERE IDLE?

E. R. LATTA.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

DUET. SOP. & ALTO.

1. Why stand ye here i - dle, When oth - ers have sped
 2. Why stand ye here i - dle, When called by the Lord!
 3. Why stand ye here i - dle, When toil - ers are few?

A - way to the vine - yard, As Je - sus has said?
 How ur - gent the du - ty! How great the re - ward!
 When gath - ered the har - vest, O, what will ye do?

There's work that is wait - ing For some one to do;
 There's prun - ing and train - ing, That have to be done,
 Your brows will be crown - less, And emp - ty your hands!

Then, haste to per - form it - 'Tis wait - ing for you!
 Be - fore the rich clus - ters Can bask in the sun.
 Then, haste to the vine - yard, As Je - sus com - mands!

CHORUS.

Why stand ye here i - dle? O, what can ye say?

WHY STAND YE HERE IDLE?—Concluded.

Why stand ye here i - dle, The whole of the day?

82

LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Light aft - er darkness, Gain aft - er loss, Strength aft - er weak - ness,
 2. Sheaves aft - er sow - ing, Sun aft - er rain, Sight aft - er mystery,
 3. Near aft - er dis - tant, Gleam aft - er gloom, Love aft - er loneliness,

Crown aft - er Cross; Sweet aft - er bit - ter, Hope aft - er fears,
 Peace aft - er pain; Joy aft - er sor - row, Calm aft - er blast,
 Life aft - er tomb; Aft - er long ag - o - ny, Rapture of bliss,

REFRAIN.

Home aft - er wand'ring, Praise aft - er tears. }
 Rest aft - er la - bor, Sweet rest at last. } Aft - er the weeping,
 Right was the path - way, Leading to this. }

Comes the glad reaping, Rest aft - er la - bor, Sweet rest at last.

GATHERING HOME.

MISS MARIANA B. SLADE.

R. M. MCINTOSH, Mus. Doc.

1. Up to the boun-ti-ful Giv-er of life, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
 2. Up to the cit-y where fall-eth no night, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
 3. Up to the beau-ti-ful mansions a-bove, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!

Up to the dwell-ing where com-eth no strife, The dear ones are gath-er-ing home.
 Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gath-er-ing home.
 Safe in the arms of his in-fi-nite love, The dear ones are gath-er-ing home.

CHORUS.

Gath-er-ing home! Gath-er-ing home! Nev-er to
 gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home! Nev-er to

sor-row more, nev-er to roam, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
 sor-row more, nev-er to roam, gath-er-ing home!

Gath-er-ing home! God's chil-dren are gath-er-ing home!
 gath-er-ing home! God's chil-dren are gath-er-ing home!

SOME SWEET DAY.

F. E. D.

F. E. BELDEN, by per.

Tenderly.

1. We shall meet be-yond the skies, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 2. There will be no va-cant chair, Some sweet day, some sweet day,
 3. Win-ter's frost or summer's heat, Some sweet day, some sweet day,
 4. Man-sion, crown, and harp of gold, Some sweet day, some sweet day;

*tempo.**rit.*

Gaze no more in tear-dim'd eyes, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Nor a mourn-ing cir-cle, there, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Make no har-vest in-com-plete, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Songs that nev-er shall grow old, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

REFRAIN.

We shall clasp our own a-gain, Free from sor-row, sin, and pain;
 Death shall hear its note of doom, Christ shall burst the seal-ed tomb,
 E-den bloom is ev-'ry-where, Fade-less flow'rs perfume the air,
 Joy shall bid fare-well to Care, Praise shall sing no more with Pray'r,

We shall wish no more in vain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Dust shall wake in beauty's bloom, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Christ him-self the sun-light fair, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Love shall lead us o-ver there, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

A. B. EVERETT.

1. Where the jas-per walls are beam-ing, Where the pearly por-tals are glow-ing;
 2. O- pen are the shin-ing por- tals, Shut by night or day are they nev- er,
 3. In that ma-ny mans-ioned dwell-ing, Je- sus, one for you is pre-par- ing;
 4. There shall be no days-de-clin- ing, Tho' no sun nor moon light the heav-en;

Where the golden street is gleaming, Where the crystal wa- ters are flow- ing :-
 With the glo- ri- fied im-mor- tals, Will you dwell with-in them for - ev - er?
 Where ho- san-nas glad are swell-ing, Will you come their joy sweetly shar - ing?
 From amidst the throne is shin - ing, Glo- ry from the Lord free ly giv - en.

CHORUS.

Down be - side that wondrous riv - er, Where the trees of heal-ing grow,

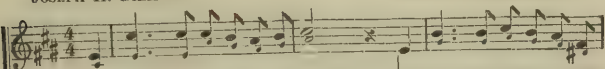
Repeat pp.
 We shall meet and live for - ev - er, To that Cit - y will you go?

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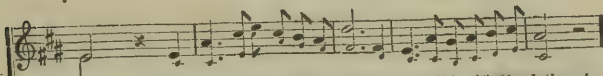
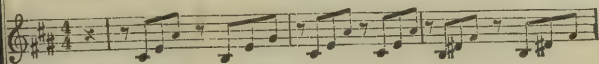
HE LEADETH ME.

JOSEPH H. GILMORE.

Mrs. R. M. McINTOSH.



1. He lead - eth me! O, blessed thought! O, words with heav'nly comfort
 2. Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes, where Eden's bowers
 3. Lórd, I would place my hand in thine, Nor ev - er murmur nor re-
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy grace, the victory's



fraught! What-e'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!
 bloom, By waters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!
 pine: Con-tent whatever lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!
 won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me!



CHORUS.

Repeat chorus pp.



He leadeth me, leadeth me, He leadeth me, By his own hand he leadeth me.



By per. The E. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

Words arr.

R. M. McINTOSH, MUS. DOC.

1. Not far, not far from the king-dom, Yet in the shad-ow of sin;
 2. Not far, not far from the gate-way, Where voic-es whisper and wait;
 3. They catch the strains of the mu-sic, That floats so sweet-ly a-long;
 4. They're in the dark and the dan-ger; They're in the night and the cold,

How ma-ny are com-ing and go-ing! How few are en-ter-ing in!
 But fear-ing to en-ter in bold-ly, They lin-ger still at the gate!
 Tho' knowing the song they are sing-ing, Yet join-ing not in the song,
 Tho' he is now long-ing to lead them So kind-ly in-to the fold.

REFRAIN.

Not far, not far from the king-dom, Yet lin-ger-ing still at the gate;

O wait no long-er, dear broth-er, But en-ter ere 'tis too late.

HE AROSE.

GEO. C. HUGG.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Slowly.

1. Low-ly entombed he lay, My bless-ed Sav-iour; Wait-ing the
 2. Vain-ly they watch him, now, My bless-ed Sav-iour; Sure-ly he'll
 3. Bursting the seal, he rose, My bless-ed Sav-iour; Scat-t'ring his

CHORUS. *faster.*

promised day, My precious Lord. } Up from the tomb he a-rose!
 keep his vow, My precious Lord. } he a-rose!
 arm-ed foes, My precious Lord. }

And in tri-umph, vanquish'd all his foes, He a-rose a
 all his foes,


vic-tor o'er the realms of night; And hereigns for-ev-er with his saints in light,

He a-rose, he a-rose, Vic-tor o-ver all his foes.
 He a-rose, he a-rose,

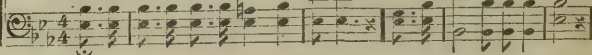

By per. from "Sunlight in Sacred Song."

F. E. BELDEN.

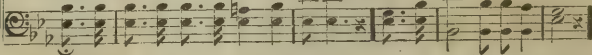
F. E. BELDEN, by per.



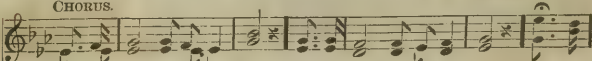
1. He will mention them no more for-ev-er, They are all tak-en a-way;
 2. Long I tried my i-dol sins to cher-ish; They are all tak-en a-way;
 3. On the bot-tom of the sea they're ly-ing, They are all tak-en a-way;
 4. Once the "carnal mind" was all my pleasure, It is all tak-en a-way;
 5. Doubt can never stay where Faith is sing-ing, "They are all tak-en a-way;"

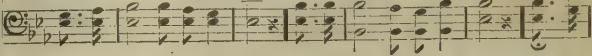

He the braz-en bands of sin did sev-er, They are all tak-en a-way.
 When my heart de-cied that they must perish, They were all tak-en a-way.
 Now I wor-ship Him, myself de-ny-ing, They are all tak-en a-way.
 Now the word of God is my chief treasure, Love's de-light is to o-bey.
 "Praise the Lord" is happy rest from cling-ing; Troubled soul, try it each day.



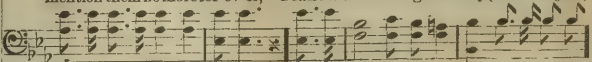
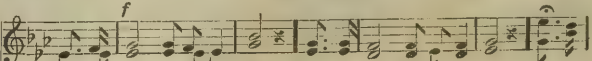
CHORUS.



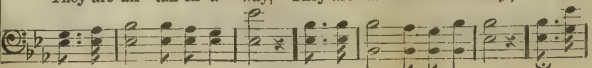
They are all tak-en a-way, They are all tak-en a-way; He will

mention them no more for-ev-er, Praise the Lord! sing it all day (Hal-le-lu-jah!)

They are all tak-en a-way, They are all tak-en a way; I am



He Will Mention Them No More.—Concluded.

rest-ing in the great Peace-giv-er, My sins are all tak-en a - way.

90

UNSEARCHABLE RICHES.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JOHN R. SWENEY, by per.

1. O the unsearchable rich-es of Christ!— Wealth that can never be told;—
 2. O the unsearchable rich-es of Christ, Whoshall their greatnessde clare?
 3. O the unsearchable rich es of Christ, Free-ly, how free - ly they flow;
 4. O the unsearchable rich-es of Christ! Who would not glad-ly en - dure

Rich-es ex - hanstless of mer-cy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold!
 Jewels whose lustre our lives may a-dorn, Pearls that the poorest may wear.
 Making the souls of the faithful and true, Hap-py where-ev - er they go.
 Tri-als, afflic-tion, and cros-ses on earth, Rich-es like these to se - cure!

D.S.—O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Precious, more precious than gold.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Pre-cious, more pre - cious,—Wealth that can nev - er be told;

REALMS OF THE BLEST.

ELIZABETH MILLS.

Arr. from WOODBURY, by H. R. CHRISTIE.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun-try so bright and so fair;
 2. We speak of its pathways of gold, Of its walls decked with jewels so rare,
 3. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sor-row, temp-ta-tion and care,
 4. We speak of its ser-vice of love, The robes which the glo-ri-fied wear,

And oft are its glo-ries confessed: But what must it be to be there!
 Of its wonders and pleasures untold: But what must it be to be there!
 From tri-als without and with-in: But what must it be to be there!
 The Church of the First-born above: But what must it be to be there!

REFRAIN.

To be there, to be there, But what must it be to be there!
 To be there, to be there,

To be there, to be there, But what must it be to be there.
 To be there, to be there,

O WHEN SHALL I SEE JESUS?

Arr. by M. W. LEFTWICH.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him a - bove;
 2. When shall I be de - liv - ered From this vain world of sin,
 3. But, now I am a sol - dier; My Cap - tain's gone be - fore;
 4. And if I hold out faith - ful, A crown of life he'll give;
 5. Thro' grace I am de - ter - mined To con - quer, though I die;

And drink the flow - ing fount - ain, Of ev - er - last - ing love?
 And with my bless - ed Je - sus, Drink end - less pleas - ures in?
 He's giv - en me my or - ders, And bid me not give o'er.
 And all his val - iant sol - diers Shall ev - er with him live.
 And then a - way to Je - sus On wings of love I'll fly..

REFRAIN.

Christ is all the world to me, And his glo - ry I shall see;

And be - fore I'd leave my Sav - iour, I'd lay me down and die.

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THE PLACE PREPARED.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful place, for you and for me, We home-less shall
 2. And I need not look off, to find the dear place, O'er Jordans' dark
 3. I shall en - ter his house, and find him I know, In do - ing the

be, nev - er - more; For a man-sion pre-pared by Je - sus I see, And
 roll - ing a - way; For he call - eth me nigh, and shows me his face, And
 will of his word, In my hea - ven - ly home be - gun here be - low, I'll

REFRAIN.
 he is the Way and the Door. } Beau - ti - ful home! . . .
 bids me be wel - come to - day.
 dwell ev - er - more with my Lord. } beau - ti - ful home!

beau - ti - ful home! Sing - ing its sto - ry I tell, O,
 beau - ti - ful home!

en - ter, my soul, no long - er to roam, For - ev - er with Je - sus to dwell.

OVER THE BORDER LAND

J. H. A.

J. H. ALLEMAN, by per.

1. A home, on high, is wait-ing me, Just o - ver the bor-der land,
 2. My loved ones there, will welcome me, Just o - ver the bor-der land,
 3. My Saviour there is call-ing me, Just o - ver the bor-der land,
 4. The smiles of God will fall on me, Just o - ver the bor-der land,

And there my Saviour I shall see, Just o - ver the bor-der land.
 And with them soon, for-e'er I'll be, Just o - ver the bor-der land.
 And by his grace will make me free, Just o - ver the bor-der land.
 And bless me thro' e - ter - ni - ty, Just o - ver the bor-der land.

CHORUS.

Just o-ver the border land, There waits the home of the soul,
 the border land, the home of the soul,

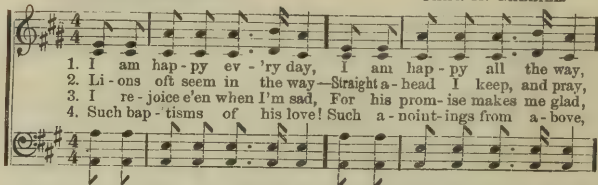
Where praise shall ring as the years shall roll, Just o - ver the bor-der land.

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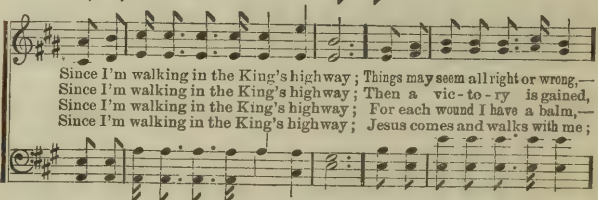
95 WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

Mrs. GRACE WEISER DAVIS.

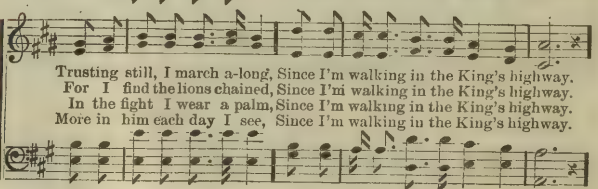
- CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I am hap - py ev - 'ry day, I am hap - py all the way,
 2. Li - ons oft seem in the way - Straight a - head I keep, and pray,
 3. I re - joice e'en when I'm sad, For his prom - ise makes me glad,
 4. Such bap - tisms of his love! Such a - noint - ings from a - bove,

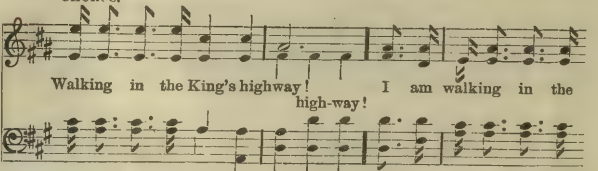


Since I'm walking in the King's highway; Things may seem all right or wrong, -
 Since I'm walking in the King's highway; Then a vic - to - ry is gained,
 Since I'm walking in the King's highway; For each wound I have a balm, -
 Since I'm walking in the King's highway; Jesus comes and walks with me;

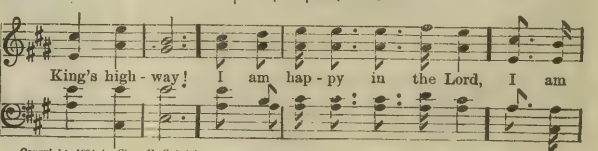


Trusting still, I march a-long, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.
 For I find the lions chained, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.
 In the fight I wear a palm, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.
 More in him each day I see, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.

CHORUS.



Walking in the King's highway! I am walking in the
 high-way!



King's high - way! I am hap - py in the Lord, I am

WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.—Concluded.

trust-ing in his word, Since I'm walking in the King's high-way.

96

EVER NEAR.

WM. H. GARDNER.

JOHN R. BRYANT.

1. When the way is bright with sunshine, When the clouds of darkness come,
2. When the way is sad and lone-ly, And the eyes with tears are dim,
3. Though the fu-ture seems un-cer-tain, And the clouds oft-times ap-pear,
4. When the wanderer turneth backward, From the paths of sin so drear,

One there is who's ev - er near you, Je - sus Christ, the Ho - ly One!
 Turn, O mour-ner, in your sor-row, Turn and tell your grief to him.
 Let this prom-ise be your com-fort, Je - sus Christ is ev - er near.
 If he cries, "O help me, Mas-ter!" He will find him ev - er near.

REFRAIN.

In the sun-shine, in the shad-ow, With a word of com-fort dear.

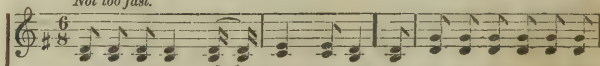
Ev - er wait - ing there to help you, Christ, the Lord, is ev - er near.

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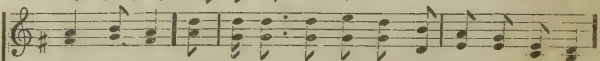
97 TURNED AWAY FROM THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

D. E. DORTCH.
Not too fast.

D. E. DORTCH, by per.



1. Some one will knock at the saints bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "You
2. Some one will hear the an - gel's song, And wish he could join with the
3. Some one will stand with an ach - ing heart, While Je - sus pro-noun-ces the
4. Some one will lin - ger with tear - ful eyes, While Christ and his people as -
5. Some one will go in - to dark - ness drear, Far off from the Saviour and
6. Some one will en - ter the door of hell, And hear the sad wail-ings no



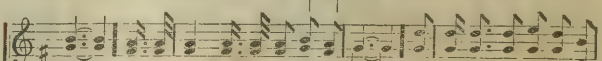
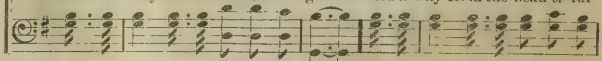
can - not come;" With sadness he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,
hap - py throng With sighing he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,
word, "de - part;" With groanings he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,
cend the skies; With weeping he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,
all that's dear; With anguish he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,
tongue can tell With hor - ror he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,



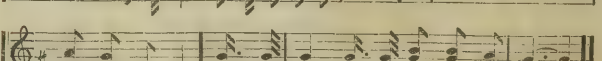
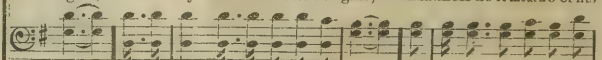
REFRAIN.



Turned a - way from the beau-ti-ful gate. Turned a-way from the beau-ti-ful



gate, Turned a-way from the beautiful gate; With sadness he'll mourn o'er his



sor - row - ful state, Turned a - way from the beau-ti - ful gate.



TELL IT AGAIN.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1 In- to the tent where a gyp-sy boy lay, Dy-ing a-lone at the
 2 "Did he so love me, a poor lit-tle boy? Send un-to me the good
 3 Bend-ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en-tered the
 4 Smil-ing, he said, as his last sigh he spent, "I am so glad that for

close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we car - ried, said he,
 tid - ings of joy? Need I not per - ish? my hand will he hold?
 val - ley of death, "God sent his Son!" "whoso - ev - er?" said he;
 me he was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,

REFRAIN.

"No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
 "No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told?" } Tell it a - gain!
 "Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"
 "Lord, I be - lieve, tell it now to the rest!"

Tell it a - gain! Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er, Till none can

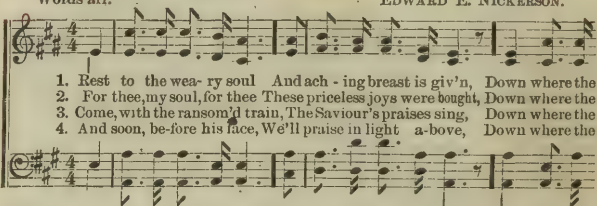
say of the children of men, "No - bod - y ev - er has told me be - fore."

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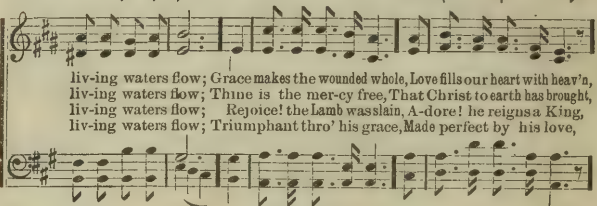
99 WHERE THE LIVING WATERS FLOW.

Words arr.

EDWARD E. NICKERSON.

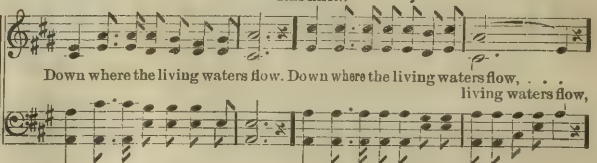


1. Rest to the wea-ry soul And ach-ing breast is giv'n, Down where the
 2. For thee, my soul, for thee These priceless joys were bought, Down where the
 3. Come, with the ransom'd train, The Saviour's praises sing, Down where the
 4. And soon, be-fore his face, We'll praise in light a-bove, Down where the

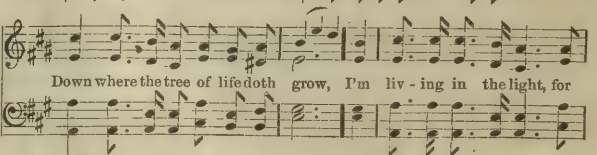


liv-ing waters flow; Grace makes the wounded whole, Love fills our heart with heav'n,
 liv-ing waters flow; Thine is the mer-cy free, That Christ to earth has brought,
 liv-ing waters flow; Rejoice! the Lamb was slain, A-dore! he reigns a King,
 liv-ing waters flow; Triumphant thro' his grace, Made perfect by his love,

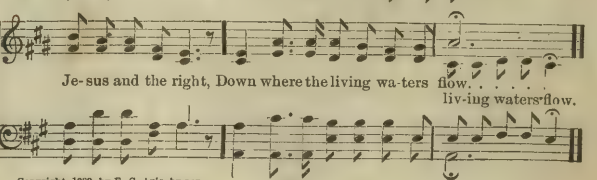
REFRAIN.



Down where the living waters flow. Down where the living waters flow, . . .
 living waters flow,



Down where the tree of life doth grow, I'm liv-ing in the light, for



Je-sus and the right, Down where the living wa-ters flow. . . .
 liv-ing waters flow.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

JOHN R. BRYANT.

1. Why longs my soul in - tense - ly to be there, With - in yon
 2. Oft - en I yearn to leave a world of sin, And at yon
 3. All my soul loves is treas - ures o - ver there; All my de -

man - sions beau - ti - ful and fair? Why leaps my heart still
 por - tals, gold - en, en - ter in; Oft - en I sigh to
 sires are for the home so fair; And at life's close how

up - ward to the home Where sin and sor - row nev - er more can come?
 leave the pain and woe, Un - to my Sav - iour ev - er more to go.
 glad - ly I'll as - cend Up to the courts where pleasures nev - er end.

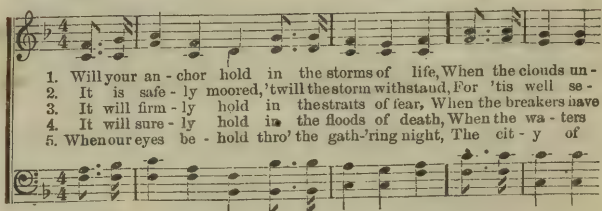
REFRAIN.

Je - sus is there, Je - sus is there, And I would meet him,

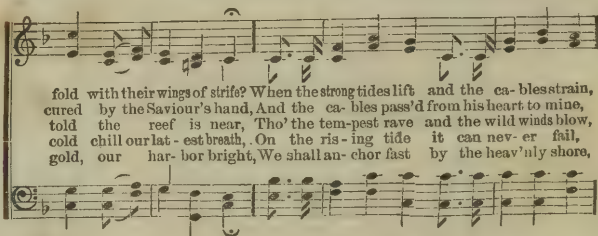
And I would greet him o - ver there, o - ver there; There, o - ver there.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

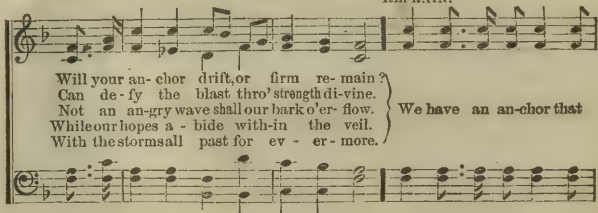


1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un -
 2. It is safe - ly moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se -
 3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have
 4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa - ters
 5. When our eyes be - hold thro' the gath - ring night, The cit - y of



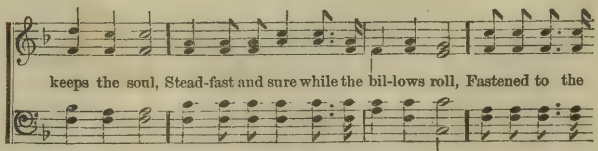
fold with their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift and the ca - bles strain,
 cured by the Saviour's hand, And the ca - bles pass'd from his heart to mine,
 told the reef is near, Tho' the tem - pest rave and the wild winds blow,
 cold chill our lat - est breath, On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail,
 gold, our har - bor bright, We shall an - chor fast by the heav'nly shore,

REFRAIN.



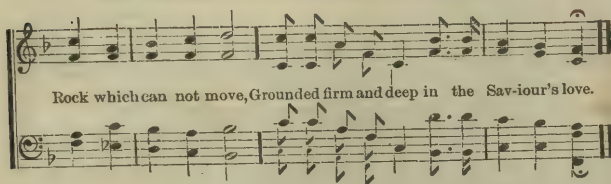
Will your an - chor drift, or firm re - main?
 Can de - fy the blast thro' strength di - vine.
 Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'er - flow.
 While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
 With the storms all past for ev - er - more.

We have an an - chor that



keeps the soul, Stead - fast and sure while the bil - lows roll, Fastened to the

WE HAVE AN ANCHOR.—Concluded.

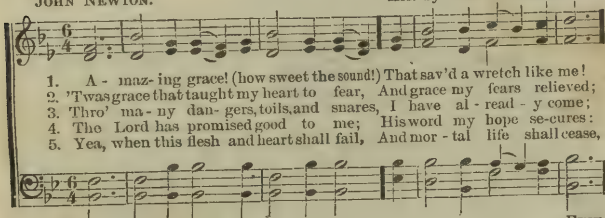


102

HARP. C. M.

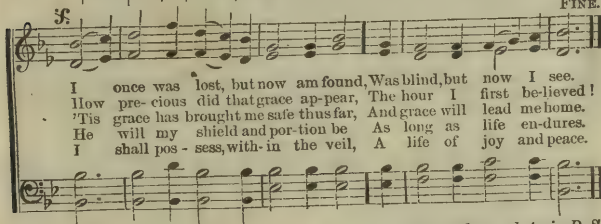
JOHN NEWTON.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



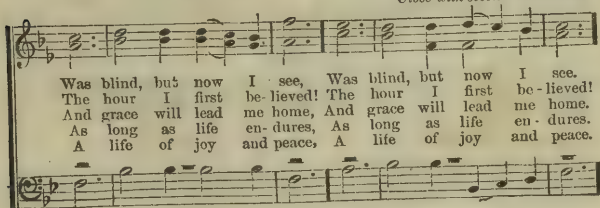
1. A - maz - ing grace! (how sweet the sound!) That sav'd a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has promised good to me; His word my hope se - cures:
5. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,

FINE.



I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
 How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - lieved!
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en - dures.
 I shall pos - sess, with - in the veil, A life of joy and peace.

Close with second strain D. S.



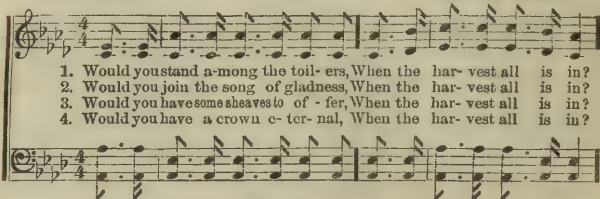
Was blind, but now I see, Was blind, but now I see.
 The hour I first be - lieved! The hour I first be - lieved!
 And grace will lead me home, And grace will lead me home.
 As long as life en - dures, As long as life en - dures.
 A life of joy and peace, A life of joy and peace.

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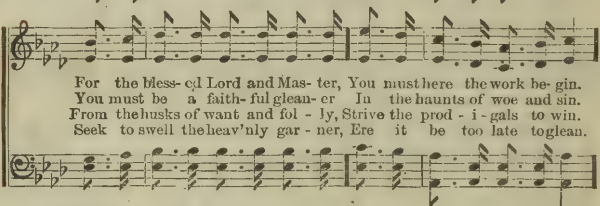
103 WHEN THE HARVEST ALL IS IN.

E. R. LATTA.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

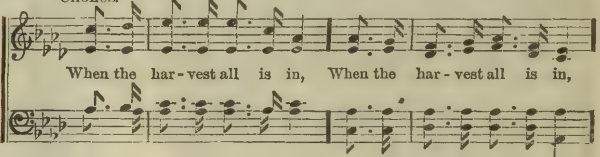


1. Would you stand a-mong the toil-ers, When the har-vest all is in?
 2. Would you join the song of gladness, When the har-vest all is in?
 3. Would you have some sheaves to of-fer, When the har-vest all is in?
 4. Would you have a crown c-ter-nal, When the har-vest all is in?

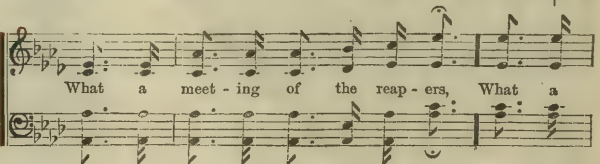


For the bless-ed Lord and Mas-ter, You must here the work be-gin.
 You must be a faith-ful glean-er In the haunts of woe and sin.
 From the husks of want and fol-ly, Strive the prod-i-gals to win.
 Seek to swell the heav'nly gar-ner, Ere it be too late to glean.

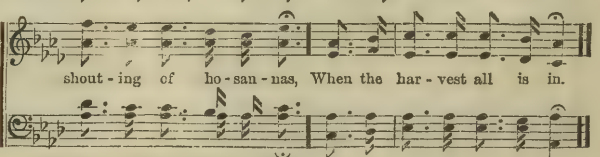
CHORUS.



When the har-vest all is in, When the har-vest all is in,



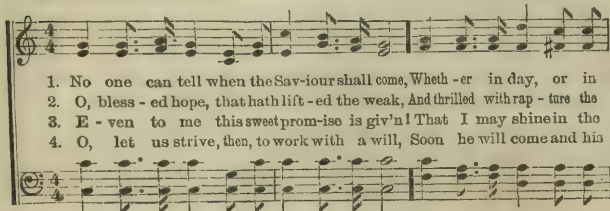
What a meet-ing of the reap-ers, What a



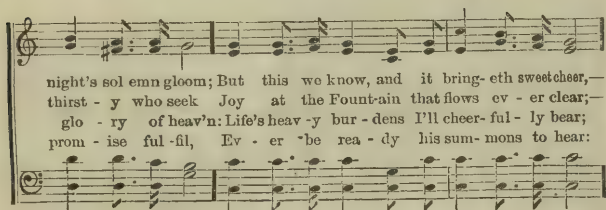
shout-ing of ho-san-nas, When the har-vest all is in.

Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS.

R. M. McINTOSH.

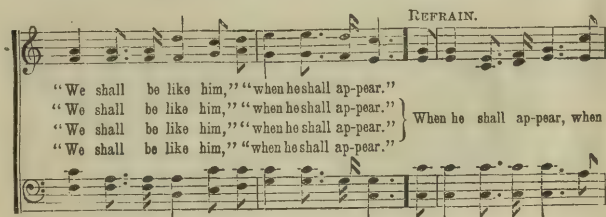


1. No one can tell when the Sav-iour shall come, Wheth-er in day, or in
 2. O, bless-ed hope, that hath lift-ed the weak, And thrilled with rap-ture the
 3. E-ven to me this sweet prom-ise is giv'n! That I may shine in the
 4. O, let us strive, then, to work with a will, Soon he will come and his

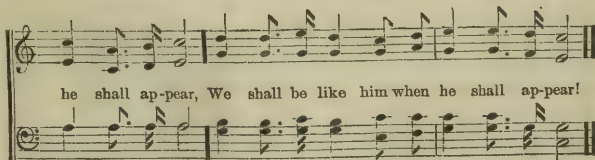


night's sol emn gloom; But this we know, and it bring-eth sweet cheer,—
 thirst-y who seek Joy at the Fount-ain that flows ev-er clear;—
 glo-ry of heav'n: Life's heav-y bur-dens I'll cheer-ful-ly bear;
 prom-ise ful-fil, Ev-er be rea-dy his sum-mons to hear:

REFRAIN.



"We shall be like him," "when he shall ap-pear."
 "We shall be like him," "when he shall ap-pear."
 "We shall be like him," "when he shall ap-pear."
 "We shall be like him," "when he shall ap-pear." } When he shall ap-pear, when



he shall ap-pear, We shall be like him when he shall ap-pear!

HOLY NIGHT!

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! All is dark,
 2. Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! On - ly for
 3. Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! Child of heav'n!

mf *pp* *mf*

save the light Yon - der where they sweet vig - il keep,
 shep - herd's sight Came blest vis - ions of an - gel throngs,
 oh, how bright Thou didst smile on us when thou wast born!

pp

O'er the Babe who, in si - lent sleep, Rests in heav - en - ly
 With their loud hal - le - lu - jah songs, Say - ing, Je - sus is
 - blest in - deed was that hap - py morn: Full of heav - en - ly

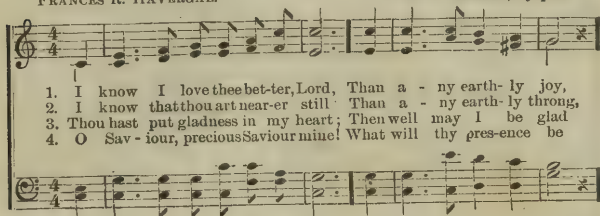
peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace.
 come, Say - ing, Je - sus is come.
 joy, Full of heav - en - ly joy.

pp *rit* *ad* *lib.*

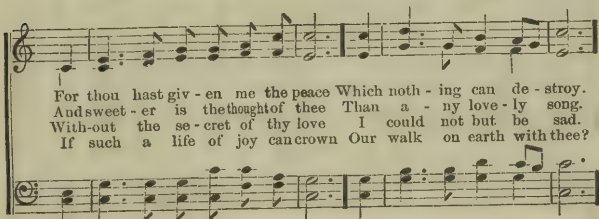
THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

R. E. HUDSON, by per.

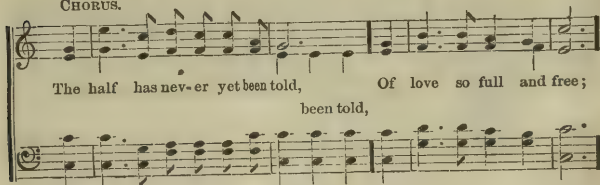


1. I know I love thee bet-ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth-ly joy,
 2. I know that thou art near-er still Than a - ny earth-ly throng,
 3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then well may I be glad
 4. O Sav-our, precious Saviour mine! What will thy pres-ence be

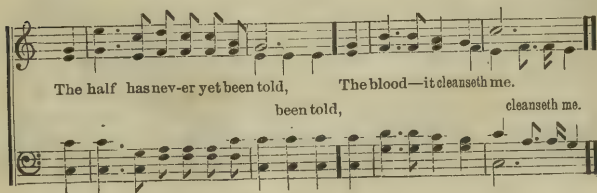


For thou hast giv-en me the peace Which noth-ing can de-stroy.
 And sweet-er is the thought of thee Than a - ny love-ly song.
 With-out the se-cret of thy love I could not but be sad.
 If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with thee?

CHORUS.



The half has nev-er yet been told, Of love so full and free;
 been told,



The half has nev-er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.
 been told, cleanseth me.

STEPPING IN THE LIGHT.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - iour, Try - ing to
 2. Press - ing more close - ly to him who is lead - ing, When we are
 3. Walk - ing in foot - steps of gen - tle for - bear - ance, Foot - steps of
 4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - iour, Up - ward, still

fol - low our Sav - iour and King; Shap - ing our lives by his
 tempt - ed to turn from the way; Trust - ing the arm that is
 faith - ful - ness, mer - cy, and love, Look - ing to him for the
 up - ward we'll fol - low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the

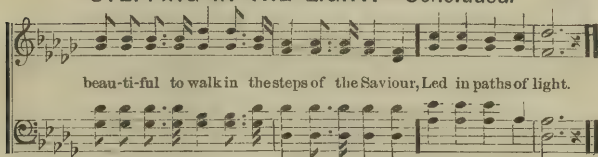
bles - sed ex - am - ple, Hap - py, how hap - py, the songs that we bring.
 strong to de - fend us, Hap - py, how hap - py, our prais - es each day.
 grace free - ly pro - mised, Hap - py, how hap - py, our jour - ney a - bove.
 King in his beau - ty," Hap - py, how hap - py, our place at his side.

CHORUS.

How beau - ti - ful to walk in the steps of the

Sav - iour, Step - ping in the light, Step - ping in the light; How

STEPPING IN THE LIGHT.—Concluded.



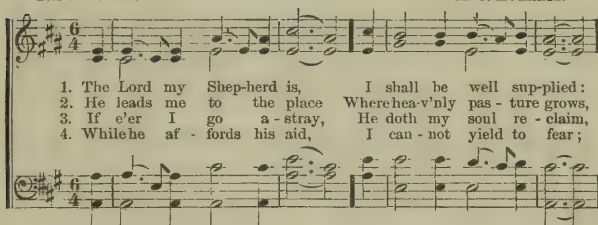
beau-ti-ful to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Led in paths of light.

108

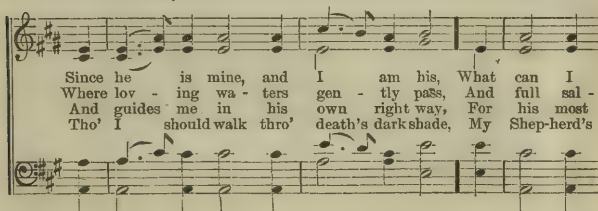
SCHUMANN. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

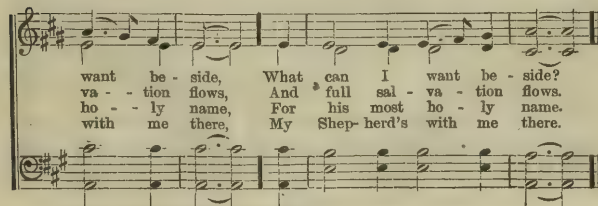
L. C. EVERETT.



1. The Lord my Shep-herd is, I shall be well sup-plied:
2. He leads me to the place Where hea-v'nly pas-ture grows,
3. If e'er I go a-stray, He doth my soul re-claim,
4. While he af-fords his aid, I can-not yield to fear;



Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I
Where lov-ing wa-ters gen-tly pass, And full sal-
And guides me in his own right way, For his most
Tho' I should walk thro' death's darkshade, My Shep-herd's

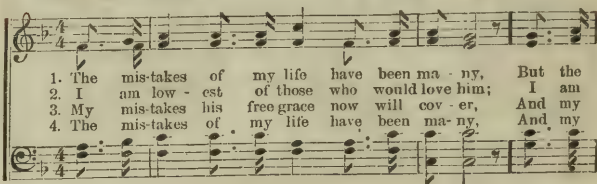


want be-side, What can I want be-side?
va-tion flows, And full sal-va-tion flows.
ho-ly name, For his most ho-ly name.
with me there, My Shep-herd's with me there.

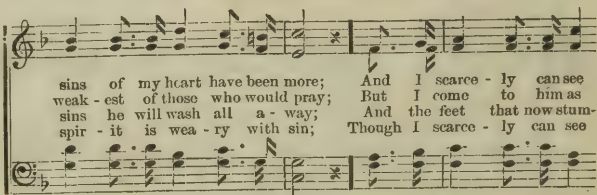
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URANIA LOCKE BAILEY.

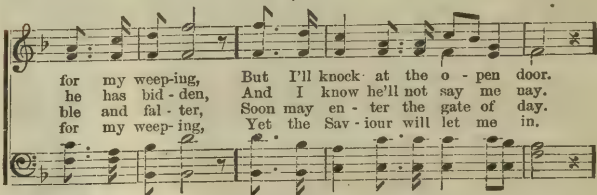
R. M. McINTOSH, Mus. Doc.



1. The mis-takes of my life have been ma - ny, But the
 2. I am low - est of those who would love him; I am
 3. My mis-takes his free grace now will cov - er, And my
 4. The mis-takes of my life have been ma - ny, And my

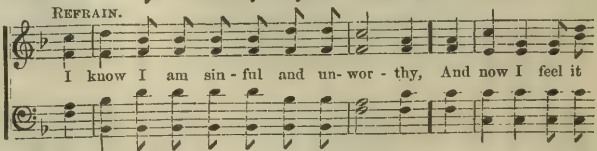


sins of my heart have been more; And I scarce - ly can see
 weak - est of those who would pray; But I come to him as
 sins he will wash all a - way; And the feet that now stum -
 spir - it is wea - ry with sin; Though I scarce - ly can see

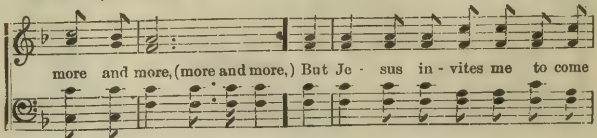


for my weep-ing, But I'll knock at the o - pen door.
 he has bid - den, And I know he'll not say me nay.
 ble and fal - ter, Soon may en - ter the gate of day.
 for my weep-ing, Yet the Sav - iour will let me in.

REFRAIN.



I know I am sin - ful and un - wor - thy, And now I feel it



more and more, (more and more,) But Je - sus in - vites me to come

THE OPEN DOOR.—Concluded.

in, come in; I will en - ter the o - pen door.

110 TAKE ME AS I AM.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un-less thou help me I must die;
 2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
 3. If thou hast work for me to do, In-spire my will, my heart renew,
 4. And when at last the work is done, The bat-tle o'er, the vic-t'ry won,

FINE.
 O, bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
 And thou canst make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am.
 And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am.
 Still, still my cry shall be a-lone, O, take me as I am.

D. S.—O, bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

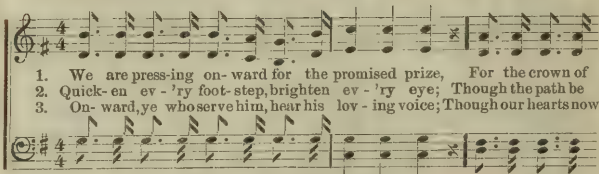
Take me as I am . . . Take me as I am, . . .
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am,

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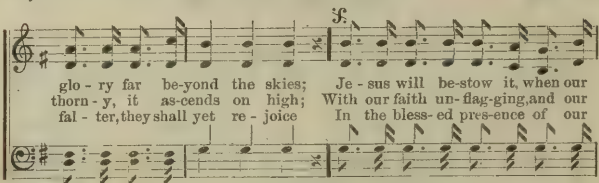
PRESSING ON.

Rev. R. H. PITT, D.D.

GEO. A. MINOR.



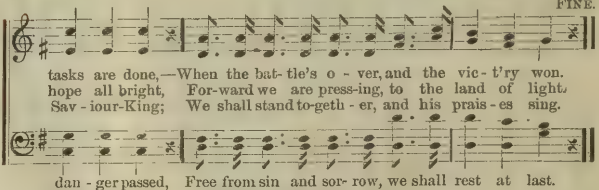
1. We are press-ing on-ward for the promised prize, For the crown of
 2. Quick-en ev-'ry foot-step, brighten ev-'ry eye; Though the path be
 3. On-ward, ye who serve him, hear his lov-ing voice; Though our hearts now



glo-ry far be-yond the skies; Je-sus will be-stow it, when our
 thorn-y, it as-cends on high; With our faith un-flag-ging, and our
 fal-ter, they shall yet re-joice In the bless-ed pres-ence of our

D.S.—There, all troub-le end-ed, and all

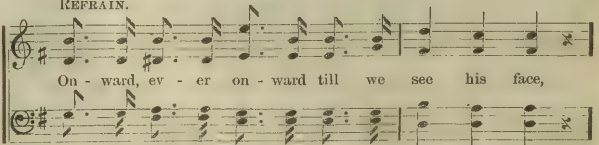
FINE.



tasks are done,—When the bat-tle's o-ver, and the vic-t'ry won.
 hope all bright, For-ward we are press-ing, to the land of light,
 Sav-iour-King; We shall stand to-geth-er, and his prais-es sing.

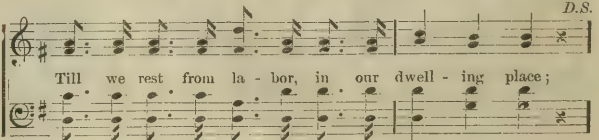
dan-ger-passed, Free from sin and sor-row, we shall rest at last.

REFRAIN.



On-ward, ev-er on-ward till we see his face,

D.S.



Till we rest from la-bor, in our dwell-ing place;

THE LAST HOPE.

Rev. M. B. WHARTON, D.D.

Arranged by GEO. A. MINOR.

1. 'Tis thy last hope, O sin-ner By Sa-tan en-slaved,
 2. O, why wilt thou lin-ger, Thy Lord to re-ceive?
 3. Then come to the Sav-iour Who lov-ing-ly calls,

To ac-cept the Re-deem-er— Be-lieve and be saved.
 Why long-er con-tin-ue His Spir-it to grieve?
 Ere the hand of his jus-tice In pun-ish-ment falls;

If this boon be re-ject-ed, No ref-uge is nigh,
 That Spir-it re-sist-ed Will take his sad flight,
 Ac-cept his sal-va-tion, Hum-bly bow at his shrine,

But thy spir-it im-mor-tal Must lan-guish and die!
 And leave thee to suf-fer E-ter-ni-ty's blight!
 And a cor-o-net fade-less Thy brow shall en-twine!

MRS. LOULA K. ROGERS.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Pre-cious for-ev-er! O, won-der-ful words, Teach me the
 2. Free-ly he of-fers their prom-ise to all, "Come un-to
 3. Wouldst thou re-fuse the sweet sol-ace he gives, In the mid-

path-way of du-ty; Lead me be-side the still wa-ters of life,
 me who-so-ev-er," Sin-ners op-pressed with a bur-den of woe,
 night of thy sor-row? Wouldst thou go on in the darkness of sin,

REFRAIN.

Flow-ing through val-lays of beau-ty.
 Drink of the boun-ti-ful riv-er. } Pre-cious for-ev-er to
 Long-ing for no bright to-mor-row.

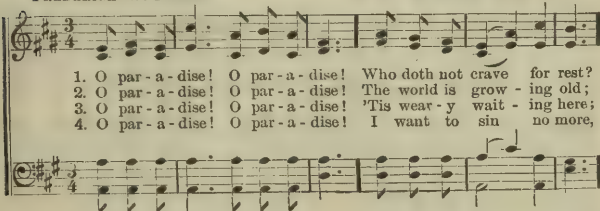
you and to me, Words that our Saviour has spok-en, Bearing sal-

va-tion far o-ver the sea, Heal-ing the hearts that are brok-en!

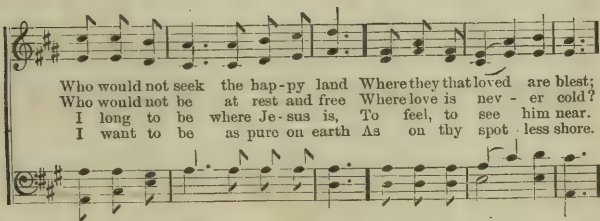
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FREDERICK W. FABER.

R. M. McINTOSH, MUS. DOC.

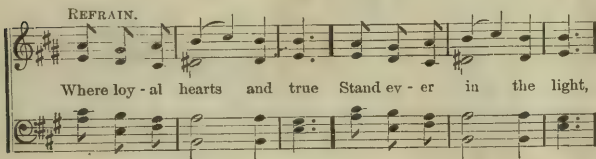


1. O par-a-dise! O par-a-dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
 2. O par-a-dise! O par-a-dise! The world is grow-ing old;
 3. O par-a-dise! O par-a-dise! 'Tis wear-y wait-ing here;
 4. O par-a-dise! O par-a-dise! I want to sin no more,

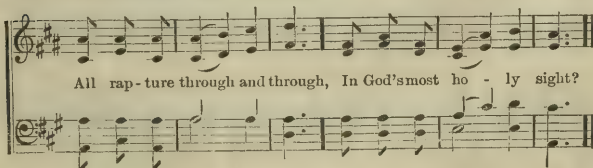


Who would not seek the hap-py land Where they that loved are blest;
 Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev-er cold?
 I long to be where Je-sus is, To feel, to see him near.
 I want to be as pure on earth As on thy spot-less shore.

REFRAIN.



Where joy-ful hearts and true Stand ev-er in the light,



All rap-ture through and through, In God's most ho-ly sight?

5 O paradise! O paradise!
 I greatly long to see
 The special place my dearest Lord
 In love prepares for me.

6 Lord Jesus, King of paradise,
 O keep me in thy love,
 And guide me to that happy land
 Of perfect rest above.

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Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

R. M. McINTOSH, Mus. Doc.

1. I've stray'd till late, the night is fall-ing, I long a-gain to
 2. I'm lost up-on the lone-ly mount-ains, Where thorns be-set my
 3. My soul is faint, my spir-it weep-ing, In want of food that

find my home; A voice I hear, so kind-ly call-ing; "My
 wea-ry way; A-far I hear the tune-ful fount-ains, That
 once was free, My Fa-ther's house is sure-ly keep-ing, The

REFRAIN.

wand'ring child, come home! come home!" I'll go, I'll go!
 in his peace-ful pas-tures play.
 Bread of Life, e-nough for me. } I'll go, I'll go!

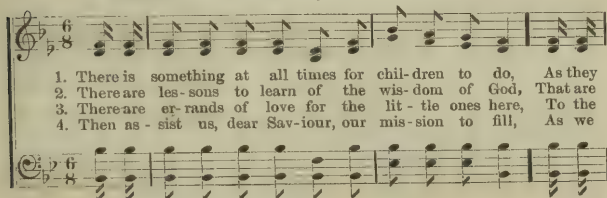
With my tears of sor-row swell-ing, All my sin and weak-ness

tell-ing, To my Fath-er's far-off dwell-ing, I'll go, I'll go!
 I'll go,

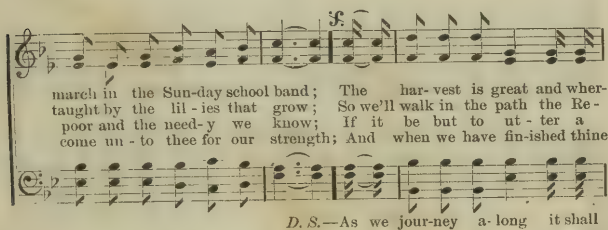
SOMETHING FOR CHILDREN TO DO.

J. D. K. SLEIGHT.

GEO. A. MINOR.



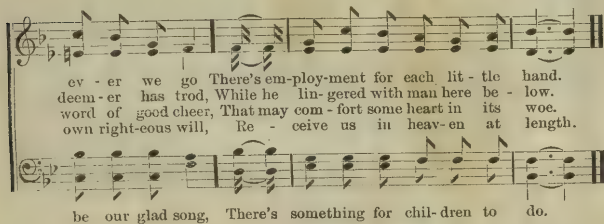
1. There is something at all times for chil-dren to do, As they
 2. There are les-sons to learn of the wis-dom of God, That are
 3. There are er-rands of love for the lit-tle ones here, To the
 4. Then as-sist us, dear Sav-iour, our mis-sion to fill, As we



march in the Sun-day school band; The har-vest is great and wher-
 taught by the lil-ies that grow; So we'll walk in the path the Re-
 poor and the need-y we know; If it be but to ut-ter a
 come un-to thee for our strength; And when we have fin-ished thine

D. S.—As we jour-ney a-long it shall

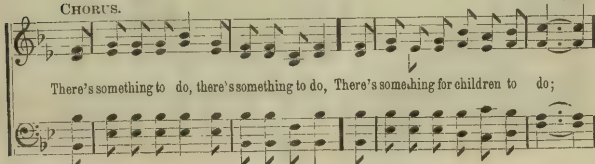
FINE.



ev-er we go There's em-ploy-ment for each lit-tle hand.
 deem-er has trod, While he lin-gered with man here be-low.
 word of good cheer, That may com-fort some heart in its woe.
 own right-eous will, Re-ceive us in heav-en at length.

be our glad song, 'There's something for chil-dren to do.

CHORUS.

D. S.


There's something to do, there's something to do, There's something for children to do;

Rev. W. P. RIVERS.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. O, the gos-pel sto-ry tell Of the cross! (of the cross!) Let the
 2. Let us plead the ho-ly name Of the cross! (of the cross!) And the
 3. O, the song shall nev-er cease Of the cross! (of the cross!) Of the

ech - o rise and swell Of the cross! (of the cross!) Sing the
 Sav-iour's pain and shame Of the cross! (of the cross!) For his
 mer - cy, grace and peace, Of the cross! (of the cross!) For its

Sav-iour's grief and woe, How his blood did free - ly flow, Till the
 name must be our plea, For sal - va-tion full and free, And in
 glo - ry gilds the way, And it hath im-mor - tal ray, And we'll

D.S.—blood did free - ly flow, Till the
 FINE. CHORUS.

world shall gladly know Of the cross! Of the cross, . . . of the
 death our hope must be Of the cross!
 sing in heav'n for aye Of the cross! Of the cross on which the
 world shall gladly know Of the cross!

cross! Sing the Sav-iour's grief and woe, How his
 bless-ed Sav-iour died,

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SOME SWEET DAY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

D. B. TOWNER.

Moderato.

1. We shall reach the riv - er side, Some sweet day, some sweet
 2. We shall pass in - side the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet
 3. We shall meet our lov'd and own, Some sweet day, some sweet

day; We shall cross the storm - y tide, Some sweet day, some sweet
 day; Peace and plen - ty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet
 day; Gath - ring round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet

day; We shall press the sands of gold, While be - fore our eyes un -
 day; We shall hear the wondrous strain, Glo - ry to the lamb that's
 day; Be the tree of life so fair, Joy and rap - ture ev - 'ry -

fold Heav - en's spen - dors, yet un - told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 slain, Christ was dead but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 where, O the bliss of o - ver there! Some sweet day, some sweet day.

GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Af-ter the show'rs the tran-quil sun; Sil-ver stars when day is done.
2. Af-ter the knell, the wed-ding bells; Greetings of joy from sad farewells.

Af-ter the snow, the em-er-ald leaves; Af-ter the har-vest, gold-en sheaves.
Af-ter the bud, the ra-di-ant rose; Af-ter our weeping, sweet re-pose.

Af-ter the clouds, the vi-o-let sky; Qui-et woods when winds go by.
Af-ter the bur-den, bliss-ful mead; Af-ter the fur-row, wak-ing seed.

AFTER.—Concluded.

Af-ter the tem-pest, lull of waves; Af-ter the bat-tle, peaceful graves.
 Af-ter the flight, the down-y nest; O-ver the shadowy riv-er,—rest.

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LOVE EACH OTHER.

GEO. A. MINOR.

1. { Love and kindness we may measure, By this sim-ple rule alone,— }
 { Do we mind our neighbor's pleasure Just as if it were our own? }
 2. { When the poor are un-be-friend-ed, If we will not pit-y lend. }
 { Christ accounts himself of-fend-ed, Who is ev-ry creature's friend. }

We should al-ways care for oth-ers, Nor sup-pose ourselves the best;
 When a self-ish thought would seize us, And our res-o-lu-tion break,

Let us love like friends and brothers,—'Twas the Saviour's last re-quest.
 Let us then re-mem-ber Je-sus, And re-sist it for his sake.

BECKONING HANDS.

Rev. C. C. LUTHER.

R. M. McINTOSH, Mus. Doc.

1. Beck - on - ing hands at the gate-way to-night, Fac - es all
 2. Beck - on - ing hands of a moth - er whose love Sac - ri - ficed
 3. Beck - on - ing hands of a lit - tle one, see! Ba - by voice
 4. Beck - on - ing hands of a hus-band, a wife, Watch-ing and
 5. Bright-est and best of that glo - ri - ous throng, Cen - ter of

shin - ing with ra - di - ant light; Eyes look-ing down from yon
 life its de - vo - tion to prove; Hands of a fa - ther to
 call - ing, O moth - er, for thee; Ro - sy-cheek'd dar-ling, the
 wait - ing the loved one of life; Hands of a bro-ther, a
 all and the theme of their song, Je - sus our Sav-iour, the

heav - en - ly home, Beau - ti - ful hands, they are beck-on-ing "come."
 mem - o - ry dear, Beck - on up high - er the wait-ing ones here.
 light of the home, Ta - ken so ear - ly, is beck-on-ing "come."
 sis - ter, a friend, Out from the gate-way to-night they ex-tend.
 pierc-ed One stands, Lov-ing-ly call - ing with beck-on-ing hands.

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful hands, . . . Beck - on - ing
 Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful beck-on-ing hands, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful

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BECKONING HANDS.—Concluded.

hands, Call - ing the dear ones to heav - en - ly lands;
beck-on-ing hands,

Beau - - ti - ful hands, Beck - - on - ing
Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful, beck-on-ing hands, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful

hands, Call - ing the dear ones to heav - en - ly lands.
beck-on-ing hands,

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L. M. TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

1. While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
2. While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.
3. Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
4. In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

GOLDEN LIGHT.

G. A. M.

GEO. A. MINOR.

1. There's a bright and Gold-en Light, That is shin-ing on our way,
 2. 'Tis the light that led me up, From the darkness of my sin,
 3. 'Tis the light that guides me on, O'er the rug-ged paths of life,
 4. If we trust the Saviour's voice, And o - bey his blest command,

And it com-eth from a - bove; 'Tis the pre-cious light of truth,
 To the glo-rious light of day; 'Tis the light that fills my soul,
 Up the wea-ry hills of time; Thro' the trou-bles and the care,
 He will guide us home a - bove; There the Gold-en Light will shine,

D.S.—And bright-en up the way,

FINE.
 That will lead to end-less day; 'Tis the light of a Saviour's love.
 And makes peace and joy within; From this light I shall nev - er stray.
 Thro' the conflict and the strife, This light shall be ev - er mine.
 Ev - er in that hap-py land; It will be his own pre-cious love.

That will lead to end-less day, With the light of a Saviour's love.

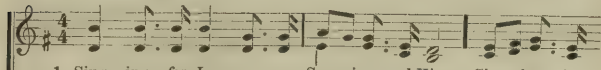
CHORUS.

Gold-en Light, shine on. Shine on us from a - bove,
 Golden light, shine on, shine on, shine on,

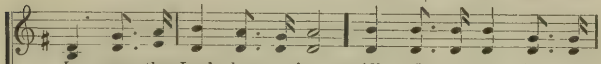
SINGING FOR JESUS.

Miss F. R. HAVERGAL.

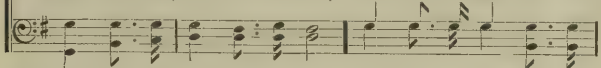
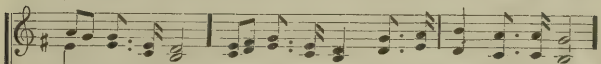
GEO. A. MINOR.



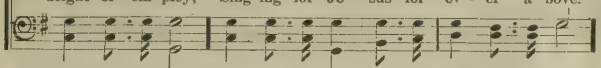
1. Sing - ing for Je - sus, our Sav - iour and King; Sing - ing for
 2. Sing - ing for Je - sus, and try - ing to win Ma - ny to
 3. Sing - ing for Je - sus, our Shepherd and Guide; Sing - ing for
 4. Sing - ing for Je - sus, O sing - ing with joy; Thus will we


Je - sus the Lord whom we love; All ad - o - ra - tion we
 love him and join in the song; Call - ing the wea - ry and
 glad - ness of heart that he gives; Sing - ing for won - der and
 praise him and tell out his love; Till he shall call us to

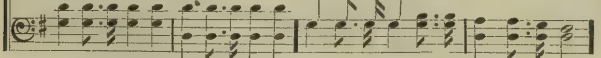
joy - ous - ly bring, Long - ing to praise as they praise him a - bove.
 wan - der - ing in, Roll - ing the cho - rus of glad - ness a - long.
 praise that he died; Sing - ing for bless - ing and joy that he lives.
 bright - er em - ploy, Sing - ing for Je - sus for ev - er a - bove.




CHORUS.



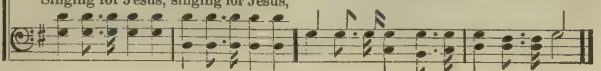
Sing - ing, sing - ing, Singing for Jesus our Saviour and King;
 Singing for Jesus, singing for Jesus,



ritard.



Sing - ing, sing - ing, Singing for Jesus our Saviour and King.
 Singing for Jesus, singing for Jesus,



E. S. F.

E. S. Fogg.

1. When I was far a-way from God, And all was dark to me,
 2. Yet still I wander'd on in sin, Still world-ly pleas-uresought,
 3. But, in my hopeless-ness, that voice Was speaking love e'en then,—
 4. And now that I this new birth have, And God lives in my soul,

I heard a voice from heav-en say, "The Sav-iourcalls for thee."
 Un-til it seemed all hopehad fled.— I had my ru-in wrought.
 "If thou wouldst full sal-va-tion have, Thou must be born a-gain."
 I pray you, sin-ner, turn to Christ, That he may make you whole.

CHORUS.

He's calling for thee, O, sinner, o-bey; The
 He's calling for thee, O, sinner, o-bey;

Sav-iour still pleads, He's pleading to-day; O,
 The Saviour still pleads, He's pleading to-day;

hear His sweet voice, and turn not a-way, For
 O, hear his sweet voice, and turn not away,

HEAR THE SAVIOUR CALLING.—Concluded.

Je - sus is wait - - - ing to save you to - day.
For Je - sus is wait - ing

126 COME TO THE SAVIOUR TO-DAY.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. { Come, sin - ners, to the gos - pel feast; Come to the Sav - iour to - day; }
 { Let ev - 'ry soul be Je - sus' guest; Come to the Sav - iour to - day; }
 2. { Ye need not one be left be - hind; Come to the Sav - iour to - day; }
 { For God hath bid - den all man - kind: Come to the Sav - iour to - day; }

Come to the Saviour, don't de - lay; Come to the Saviour, Come to - day,

For you he shed his pre - cious blood, Come to the Sav - iour to - day.

3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all.

4 Come all the world! come, sinner, thou
All things in Christ are ready now.

5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wand'ers after rest.

6 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt and blind
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

7 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live.

8 O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

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G. A. M.

GEO. A. MINOR.

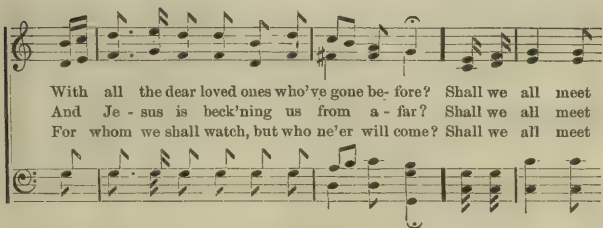
1. Shall we all meet there, in that land of light, Our teachers and
 2. Shall we all meet there, our own dear band, A - round the great
 3. Shall we all meet there, we are march-ing on,— And swell the

schol-ars in robes of white? Shall we all meet there, in that
 throne in that spir - it land? Shall we all meet there, in that
 ranks of that great white throng; Shall we all meet there at the

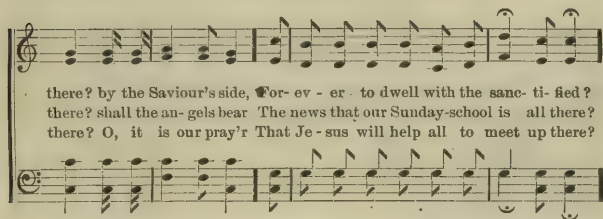
land a - bove, And sing with the an - gels their songs of love?
 bet - ter home, Where part - ings, and sor - rows, and tears ne'er come?
 last great day, To march with the ransom'd in bright ar - ray?

Shall we all meet there on that ev - er - green shore,
 Shall we all meet there, where the gate is a - jar,
 Shall we all meet there, or will there be some

SHALL WE ALL MEET THERE? Concluded.

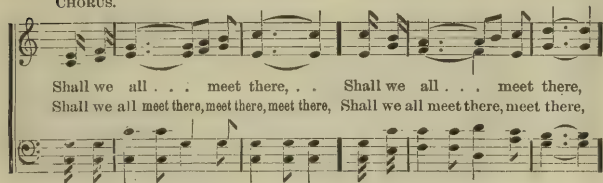


With all the dear loved ones who've gone be- fore? Shall we all meet
And Je - sus is beck'ning us from a - far? Shall we all meet
For whom we shall watch, but who ne'er will come? Shall we all meet

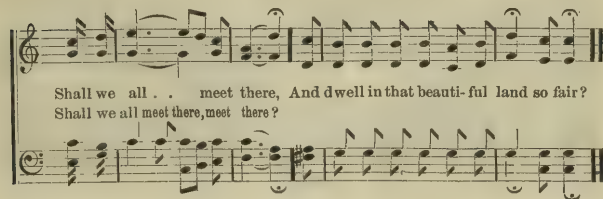


there? by the Saviour's side, For - ev - er to dwell with the sanc - ti - fied?
there? shall the an - gels bear The news that our Sunday-school is all there?
there? O, it is our pray'r That Je - sus will help all to meet up there?

CHORUS.



Shall we all . . . meet there, . . . Shall we all . . . meet there,
Shall we all meet there, meet there, meet there, Shall we all meet there, meet there,



Shall we all . . . meet there, And dwell in that beauti - ful land so fair?
Shall we all meet there, meet there?

LET EVERY HEART REJOICE.

R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.

{ Let ev-'ry heart re-joice and sing, Let cho - ral anthems rise; }
 { Ye rev'rend men and chil-dren bring To God your sac - ri - fice. }

For he is good, the Lord is good . . the
 good, . . the Lord is good and kind are all his ways,

Lord is good, the Lord is good, the Lord is good and

kind are all his ways, With songs and hon-orsounding loud,

With songs, . . . with songs and hon - orsounding
 With songs and hon-orsounding loud,

The Lord Je - ho - vah
 loud, The Lord Je - ho - vah praise, The Lord Je - ho - vah

LET EVERY HEART REJOICE.—Concluded.

praise; While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills; A

glo - rious an - them raise; While the
raise; While the rocks and the rills,

vales and the hills, A . glo - rious an - them raise. Let each pro -

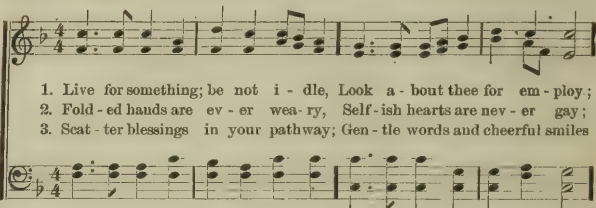
long the grate - ful song, And the God of our fa - thers praise, While the

rocks and the rills While the vales and the hills A

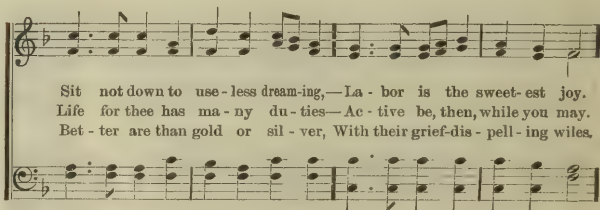
glo - rious an - them raise A glo - - rious an - them raise.
A glo - rious an - them raise.

* In this passage the vocal parts should not be played, but only the symphony.
At the second sign (†) the instruments should be resumed on the vocal parts.

GEO. A. MINOR.

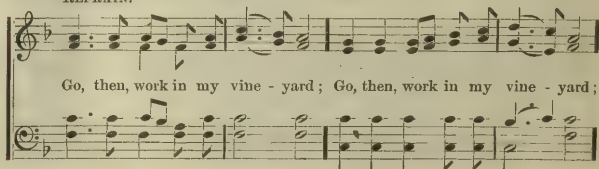


1. Live for something; be not i - dle, Look a - bout thee for em - ploy;
 2. Fold - ed hands are ev - er wea - ry, Self - ish hearts are nev - er gay;
 3. Scat - ter blessings in your pathway; Gen - tle words and cheerful smiles

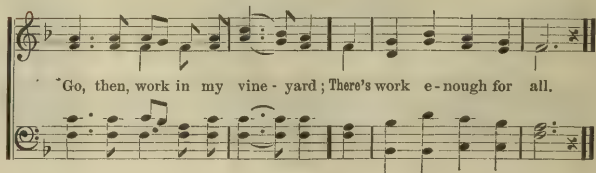


Sit not down to use - less dream - ing, — La - bor is the sweet - est joy.
 Life for thee has ma - ny du - ties — Ac - tive be, then, while you may.
 Bet - ter are than gold or sil - ver, With their grief - dis - pell - ing wiles.

REFRAIN.



Go, then, work in my vine - yard; Go, then, work in my vine - yard;



*Go, then, work in my vine - yard; There's work e - nough for all.

PISGAH. C. M.

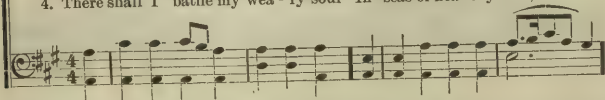
(SECOND TUNE.)

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. by Dr. J. M. BONNELL.



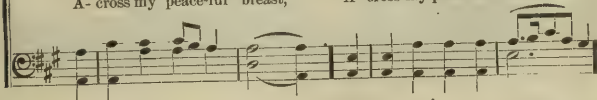
1. When I can read my ti-tle clear To mansions in the skies,
2. Should earth against my soul en-gage, And fier-y darts be hurled,
3. Let cares, like a wild del-uge, come, And storms of sorrow fall!
4. There shall I bathe my wea-ry soul In seas of heav'nly rest,



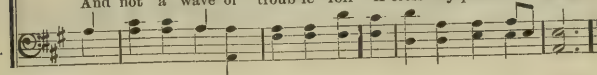
I bid fare-well to ev-'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
 Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
 May I but safe-ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
 And not a wave of trou-b-le roll A-cross my peace-ful breast.



And wipe my weeping eyes, And wipe my eyes a-way.
 And face a frowning world, And face a frowning world.
 My God, my heav'n, my all, My God, my heav'n, my all.
 A-cross my peace-ful breast, A-cross my peace-ful breast.

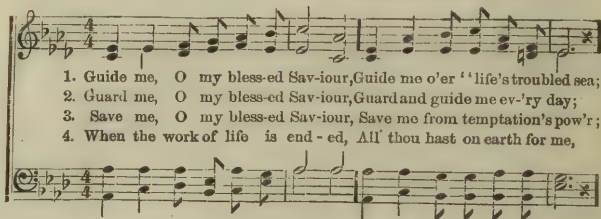


I bid fare-well to ev-'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
 Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
 May I but safe-ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
 And not a wave of trou-b-le roll A-cross my peace-ful breast.

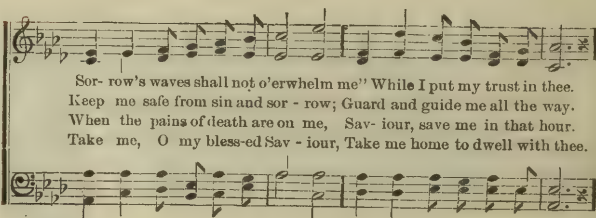


R. M. McINTOSH.

R. M. McINTOSH, MUS. DOG.

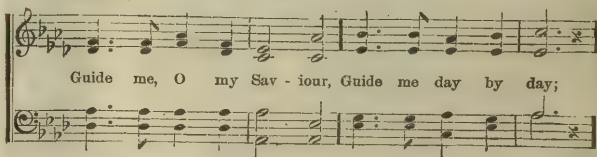


1. Guide me, O my bless-ed Sav-iour, Guide me o'er "life's troubled sea;
2. Guard me, O my bless-ed Sav-iour, Guard and guide me ev-'ry day;
3. Save me, O my bless-ed Sav-iour, Save me from temptation's pow'r;
4. When the work of life is end-ed, All' thou hast on earth for me,

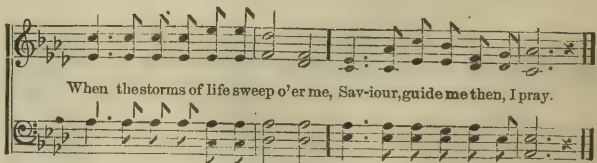


Sor-row's waves shall not o'erwhelm me" While I put my trust in thee.
 Keep me safe from sin and sor-row; Guard and guide me all the way.
 When the pains of death are on me, Sav-iour, save me in that hour.
 Take me, O my bless-ed Sav-iour, Take me home to dwell with thee.

REFRAIN.



Guide me, O my Sav-iour, Guide me day by day;

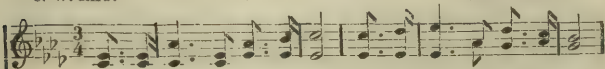


When the storms of life sweep o'er me, Sav-iour, guide me then, I pray.

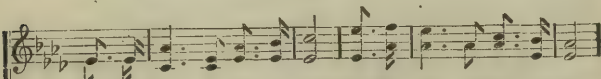
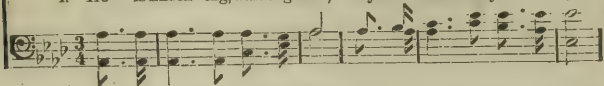
LET HIM COME IN.

C. W. RAY.

H. R. CHRISTIE.



1. To thy barred and bolt-ed door, Gent-ly as a woo-ing dove,
2. Haste and o - pen wide the door, Ban-ish ev-'ry thought of sin;
3. He a roy-al feast will spread, He will bring a boundless store;
4. He is knock-ing, wait-ing still; Why in mad-ness yet de-lay?



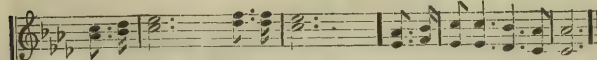
Je-sus comes as oft be-fore, Plead-ing in his ten-der love.
 Why re-fuse and grieve him more; Quickly rise and let him in.
 Thou shalt taste "The Liv-ing Bread," And be blest for-ev-er more.
 Why re-fuse his mer-cy till He a-grieved shall turn a-way?



REFRAIN.



Lethim in; Let him in; Sinner, why not make him room?
 Let him in; Let him in; Let him in;



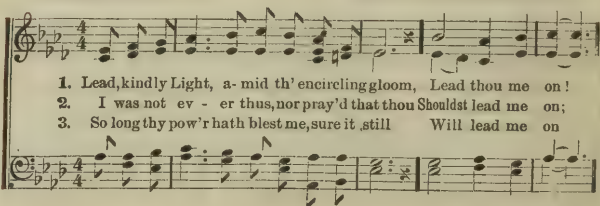
Lethim in; Lethim in; Lest he nev-er more may come.
 Let him in; Let him in;



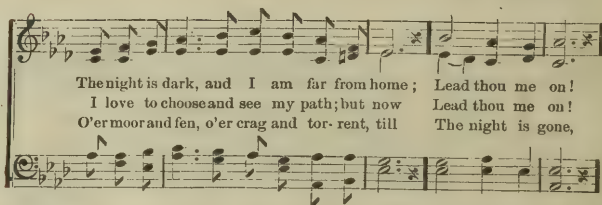
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Dr. JOHN H. NEWMAN.

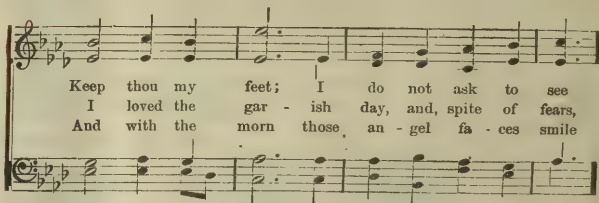
R. M. MCINTOSH, MUS. DOC.



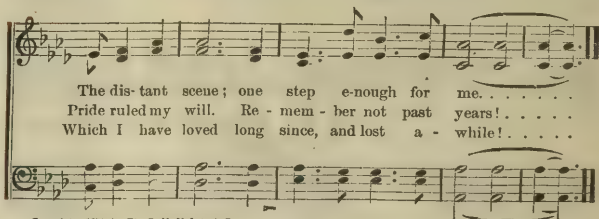
1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th' encircling gloom, Lead thou me on!
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me on;
 3. So long thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on



The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on!
 I love to choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on!
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone,



Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears,
 And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile



The dis - tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
 Pride ruled my will. Re - mem - ber not past years!
 Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Let your light shine, let your light shine, That oth - ers may be - hold!
 2. Let your light shine, let your light shine, And shed its beams a - broad;
 3. Let your light shine, let your light shine, That all the world may see

Its glow - ing rays perchance may bring Some wand'rer to the fold.
 'Twill show the world you're not ashamed Of Christ, the Lamb of God.
 Your works of mer - cy and of love, That they may fol - low thee.

CHORUS.

Let your light shine out 'mid the darkness on your journey, Let your light
 brightly

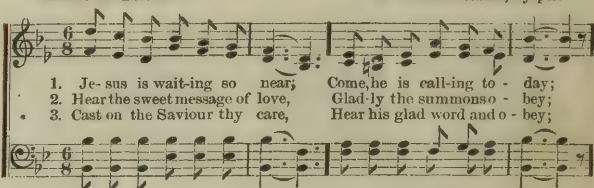
shine, O, let it shine It may prove a bea-con-light to some
 brightly shines;

trav'ler in the night, Let your light shine, brightly shine. . . .
 Let your light shine, let your light brightly shine.

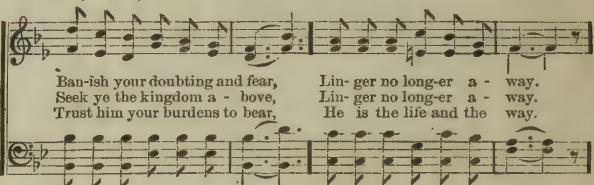
Copyright, 1890, by Chas. H. Gabriel. By permission

FRANK M. DAVIS.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

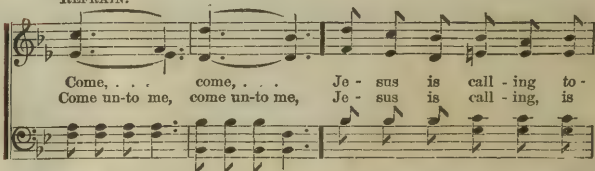


1. Je-sus is wait-ing so near; Come, he is call-ing to - day;
 2. Hear the sweet mes-sage of love, Glad-ly the sum-mon-s o - bey;
 3. Cast on the Sav-iour thy care, Hear his glad word and o - bey;

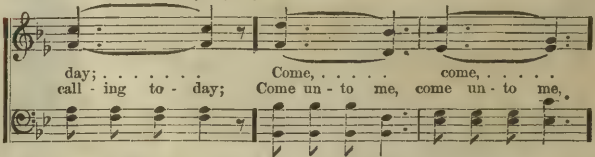


Ban-ish your doubt-ing and fear, Lin-ger no long-er a - way.
 Seek ye the king-dom a - bove, Lin-ger no long-er a - way.
 Trust him your bur-dens to bear, He is the life and the way.

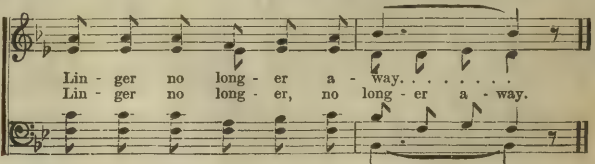
REFRAIN.



Come, . . . come, . . . Je - sus is call - ing to -
 Come un-to me, come un-to me, Je - sus is call - ing, is



day; . . . to . . . day; Come, . . . come, . . .
 call - ing to - day; Come un - to me, come un - to me,

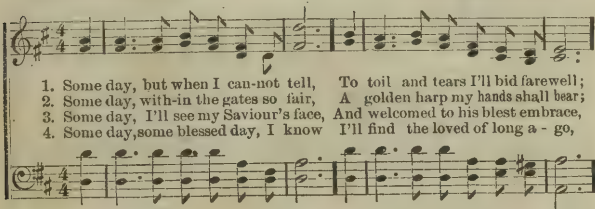


Lin - ger no long - er a - way.
 Lin - ger no long - er, no long - er a - way.

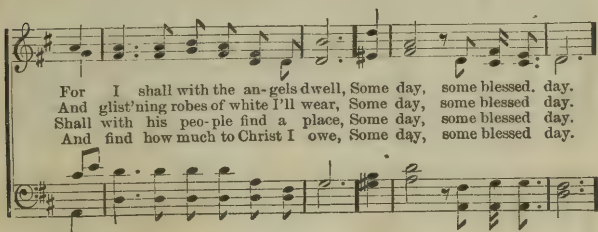
SOME BLESSED DAY.

Rev. C. W. RAY, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.




1. Some day, but when I can-not tell, To toil and tears I'll bid farewell;
 2. Some day, with-in the gates so fair, A golden harp my hands shall bear;
 3. Some day, I'll see my Saviour's face, And welcomed to his blest embrace,
 4. Some day, some blessed day, I know I'll find the loved of long a - go,

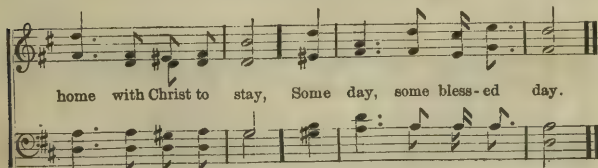


For I shall with the an-gels dwell, Some day, some blessed. day.
 And glist'ning robes of white I'll wear, Some day, some blessed day.
 Shall with his peo-ple find a place, Some day, some blessed day.
 And find how much to Christ I owe, Some day, some blessed day.

CHORUS.



Some day, . . . Some day, . . . I'll be at
 Some blessed day, some bless-ed day,
 x . . . x . . .



home with Christ to stay, Some day, some bless-ed day.

R. E. HUDSON.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. If tri-al and sor-rows should come in thy way, Tell it to
 2. If doubt should come in, with temp-ta-tion to sin, Tell it to
 3. His love will not leave thee, what-ev-er may come, Tell it to

Je-sus a-lone; Re-joice in the Lord, For-get not to pray,—
 Je-sus a-lone; Still keep in the way, His word be thy stay,—
 Je-sus a-lone; When life-work shall end He'll say, "child, well done,"

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je-sus a-lone. Tell it to Je-sus,

Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Je-sus a-lone, For he is your friend,

His love has no end,— Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.

Rev. C. W. RAY, D.D.
DUET.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. A gra - cious form, A - midst the storm, Once walk'd the
 2. When bil - lows roar, And far from shore Thy faint - ing
 3. When rough the sea Of life may be, And wrecks go

ACCOMP.

wild tu - mul-tuous sea; When fill'd with dread, All hope had
 heart is sore dis - mayed; If o'er the wave, Thy soul to
 down on ev - 'ry hand; Tho' temp - ests rage, He doth en -

CHORUS.

fled, From ev - 'ry heart on Gal - i - lee. }
 save The Sav - iour come, be not a - fraid. } O Gal - i - lee, Sweet
 gage, To bring each trust - ing soul to land. }

Gal - i - lee! When fears my tremb - ling soul in - vade, What

words of cheer I seem to hear: "Lo! it is I, be not a - fraid!"

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

W. L. THOMPSON.

W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a

great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
 bright day com-ing by and by, But its brightness shall on-ly come to
 sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin-ners shall hear his doom, "de-

part-ed right and left; Are you read-y for that day to come?
 those who love the Lord; Are you read-y for that day to come?
 part, I know ye not;" Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

Are you read-y, are you read-y, Are you read-y for the

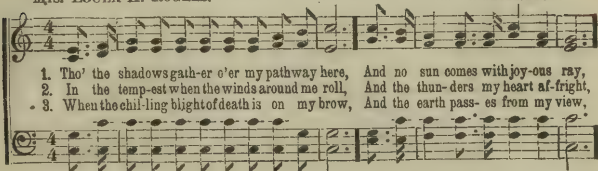
judgment day? Are you read-y, are you read-y, For the judgment day?

By per. Will. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and The Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

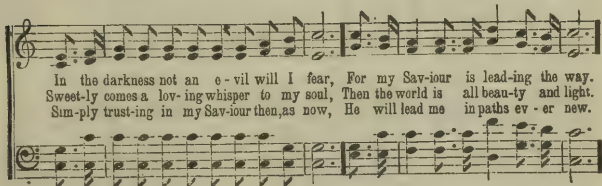
I WILL TRUST IN MY SAVIOUR.

Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS.

R. M. McINTOSH.

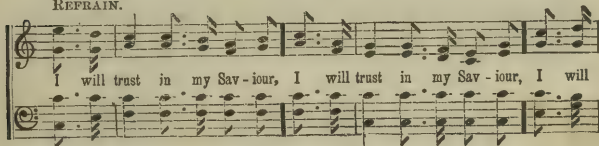


1. Tho' the shadows gath-er o'er my pathway here, And no sun comes with joy-ous ray,
 2. In the temp-est when the winds around me roll, And the thun-ders my heart af-fright,
 3. When the chil-ling blight of death is on my brow, And the earth pass-es from my view,

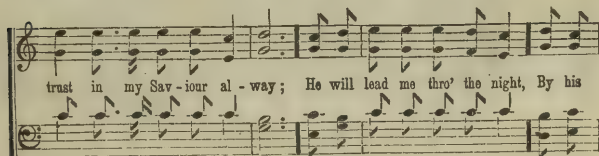


In the darkness not an e-vil will I fear, For my Sav-iour is lead-ing the way.
 Sweet-ly comes a lov-ing whisper to my soul, Then the world is all beau-ty and light.
 Sim-ply trust-ing in my Sav-iour then, as now, He will lead me in paths ev-er new.

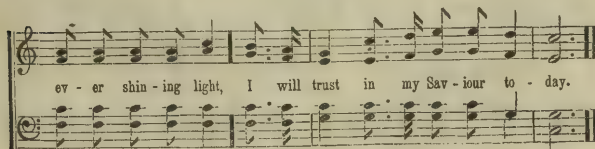
REFRAIN.



I will trust in my Sav-iour, I will trust in my Sav-iour, I will



trust in my Sav-iour al-way; He will lead me thro' the night, By his



ev-er shin-ing light, I will trust in my Sav-iour to-day.

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the copyright.

ONE WHISPER, O FATHER!

(May be sung as a Mezzo Soprano Solo.)

Rev. C. W. RAY, D. D.

R. M. McINTOSH, Mus. Doc.

1. Our Fa-ther in heav-en, we hum-bly would pray, For those who heart-
 2. O! Fa-ther, one whis-per of thine from a - bove, Shall vanquish all
 3. One whis-per, O Fa-ther! the grave seems so chill, Un-helped, O who

bro - ken are weep - ing to - day. They sit in the
 doubts of thy good - ness and love; One whis - per shall
 can be re - signed to thy will? Yet in - fi - nite

shad-ow of death and the grave, But thou art Al-might - y to
 turn their sad night in - to day, And drive from their skies the dark
 wis-dom can make no mis - take, Tho' kin - dred are part - ed and

com-fort and save; One whis-per from thee, it shall ban-ish their fears,
 storm-clouds a - way; One whis-per, with sunshine shall light up the gloom,
 heart-strings may break; The dearest, the pur-est, in love to us giv'n,

ONE WHISPER, O FATHER!—Concluded.

And prove a sweet balm for their sor - row and tears.
 And gild with its splen - dours the way to the tomb.
 Shall wait for our wel - come and crown - ing in heav'n.

145 THEY WAIT FOR US THERE.

Rev. C. W. RAY, D. D.

FRANZ VOLK.

1. Tears! tears, bit - ter tears may fall, Death may our hearts ap-pall;
 2. Death! death seems a cru - el foe, Fill - ing the world with woe;
 3. Trust! trust to the Saviour's love, Soon we shall meet a bove;

Yet 'tis the door To realms of end - less rest, Where kin - dred
 Dark is the tomb. But kin - dred dust shall rise: Light from the
 Do not de - spair; Our loved ones sure - ly wait, Close by the

spir - its blest, Wait ev - er - more; Wait ev - er - more.
 part - ing skies Break - ing the gloom! Break - ing the gloom.
 pear - ly gate; Wait for us there; Wait for us there.

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LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray,
 2. Thou, the ref-uge of my soul,
 3. Sav-iour, lead me, then, at last,

Gen- tly lead me all the
 When life's stormy billows
 When the storm of life is

1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly
 2. Thou, the ref-uge of my soul, When life's
 3. Sav - iour, lead me, then, at last, When the

way;
 roll,
 past,

I am safe when by thy side,
 I am safe when thou art nigh,
 To the land of end-less day,

lead me all the way; I am safe when by thy side,
 storm-y bil-lows roll, I am safe when thou art nigh,
 storm of life is past, To the land of end-less day,

CHORUS.

I would in thy love a-bide.
 All my hopes on thee re-ly.
 Where all tears are wiped a-way.

Lead me, lead me,

I would in thy love a-bide.
 All my hopes on thee re-ly.
 Where all tears are wiped a-way.

Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, . . . Gen - tly down the stream of

lest I stray,

LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.—Concluded.

ritard.

time, Lead me, Sav- iour, all the way.

stream of timè, all the way.

This block contains the musical notation for the conclusion of the hymn 'Lead Me, Saviour'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The tempo marking 'ritard.' is placed above the final measure of the melody. The lyrics are written below the staves, with 'time,' and 'stream of timè,' under the first staff, and 'Lead me, Sav- iour, all the way.' and 'all the way.' under the second staff.

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BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

Mrs. S. F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON, by per.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee; E'en though it
 2. Though like the wan - der - er, Day - light all gone, Dark - ness be
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heaven; All that thou
 4. Then, with my wak - ing tho't's Bright with thy praise, Out of my
 5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

This block contains the first system of the musical score for 'Bethany'. It features a treble and bass staff in D major (two sharps). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

be a cross That rais - eth me! Still all my songs shall be,
 o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet, in my dreams I'd be
 send - est me, In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me
 ston - y griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
 stars for - got, Up - ward I - fly, Still all my song shall be,

This block contains the second system of the musical score for 'Bethany'. It features a treble and bass staff in D major (two sharps). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Near - er, my God, to thee! Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee!

This block contains the third system of the musical score for 'Bethany'. It features a treble and bass staff in D major (two sharps). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

DUET.

1. I hear a song, a song so sweet, I try all
 2. Some day my jour - ney will be done, Earth will be
 3. Some day I say, con - tent to wait, The op - 'ning
 4. When comes the time for me to go, The homeward

cres.

vain - ly to re - peat; Its mel - o - dy and feel - ing
 lost and hea - ven won; And when the long rough way is
 of the jas - per gate; Come soon or late, that day will
 path I may not know, But in God's hand my own I'll

say, I'll sing it if God wills some day.
 trod, I shall be - hold the face of God.
 be The dawn of end - less rest to me.
 lay, And he will lead me home some day.

CHORUS.

Some day, some hap - py day to be, My voice will learn its mel - o -
 Some happy day, a day to be, My voice will learn its

SOME DAY.—Concluded.

cres. *ritard.*

dy, And I shall sing the songs so sweet, Of rest and heav'n, at Je-sus' feet.
mel-o-dy,

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JESUS IS MINE. 6s & 4s.

Mrs. HORATIUS BONAR.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Fade, fade each earth-ly joy, Je - sus is mine, Break ev-'ry ten-der tie,
2. Tempt not my soul a-way, Je - sus is mine, Here would I ev - er stay,
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night; Je - sus is mine, Lost in this dawn-ing light,
4. Farewell, mor-tal-i-ty, Je - sus is mine, Wel-come e - ter-ni - ty,

Je - sus is mine. Dark is the wil-der-ness, Earth has no
Je - sus is mine. Per-ish-ing things of clay, Born but for
Je - sus is mine. All that my soul has tried, Left but a
Je - sus is mine. Wel-come, O loved and blest, Wel-come, sweet

rest-ing place, Je-sus a-lone can bless; Je - sus is mine.
one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way; Je - sus is mine.
dis-mal void, — Je - sus has sat-is-fied; Je - sus is mine
scenes of rest, Wel-come my Sav-iour's breast; Je - sus is mine.

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E. PERRONET.

O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall:
 2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race— A rem - nant weak and small,—
 3. Ye Gen - tile sin - ners, ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall:
 4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
 5. O that, with yon - der as - cred throng, We at his feet may fall,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all:
 Hail him, who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all:
 Go, spread your trop - hies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all:
 To him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown him Lord of all:
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all:

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
 Hail him, who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
 Go, spread your trop - hies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.
 To him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

P. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 Jesus, I love thy charming name;
 'Tis music to my ear;
 ||: Fain would I sound it out so loud: ||
 That all the earth might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport and my trust;
 ||: Jewels to thee are gaudy toys, ||
 And gold is sordid dust.

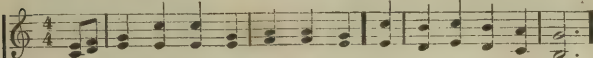
- 3 All that my ardent soul can wish,
 In thee doth richly meet;
 ||: Nor to my eyes is light so dear, ||
 Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
 And shed its fragrance there—
 ||: The noblest balm of all its wounds, ||
 The cordial of its care.

CROWN HIM.

SECOND TUNE.

EDWARD PERRONET.

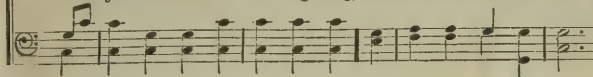
R. M. McINTOSH, MUS. DOC.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall:
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race—A remnant weak and small—
3. Ye Gen-tile sin-ners, ne'er for-get The wormwood and the gall:
4. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe On this ter-res-trial ball,
5. O that, with yon-der sa-cred throng, We at his feet may fall!



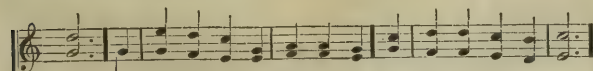
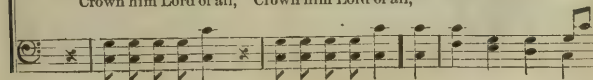
Bring forth the roy-al dia-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.
 Hail him, who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
 Go, spread your tro-phies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.
 To him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all.



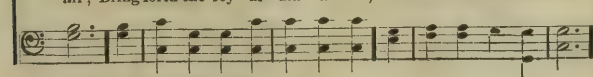
REFRAIN.



And crown him, And crown him, And crown him Lord of
 Crown him Lord of all, Crown him Lord of all,

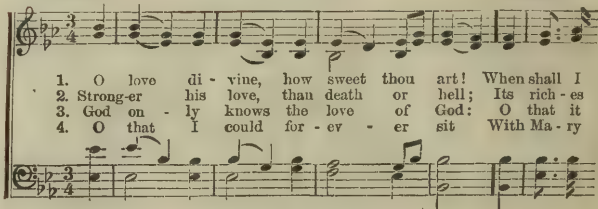


all; Bring forth the roy-al dia-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.

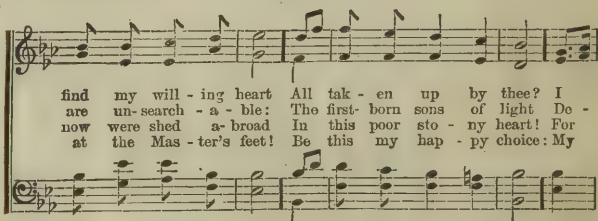


C. WESLEY.

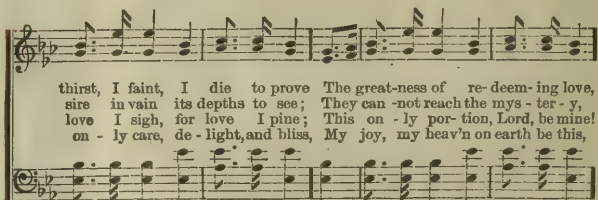
Dr. L. MASON.



1. O love di - vine, how sweet thou art! When shall I
 2. Strong-er his love, than death or hell; Its rich - es
 3. God on - ly knows the love of God: O that it
 4. O that I could for - ev - er sit With Ma - ry



find my will - ing heart All tak - en up by thee? I
 are un - search - a - ble: The first - born sons of light Do -
 now were shed a - broad In this poor sto - ny heart! For
 at the Mas - ter's feet! Be this my hap - py choice: My



thirst, I faint, I die to prove The great-ness of re - deem - ing love,
 sire in vain its depths to see; They can - not reach the mys - ter - y,
 love I sigh, for love I pine; This on - ly por - tion, Lord, be mine!
 on - ly care, de - light, and bliss, My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,



The love of Christ to me, The love of Christ to me.
 The length, the breadth, and height, The length, the breadth, and height.
 Be mine this bet - ter part, Be mine this bet - ter part!
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice, To hear the Bride - groom's voice!

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. from HANDEL.



1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King;
2. Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns! Let men their songs employ;
3. No more let sins and sorrows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground:
4. He rules the world with truth and grace; And makes the nations prove



- Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare him room, And heav'n and nature sing.
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Repeat the sounding joy.
He comes to make his blessings flow, Far as the curse is found.
The glories of his righteousness, And wonders of his love.



- And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
Re - peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
And wonders of his love, And won - ders, won - ders of his love.



C. M.

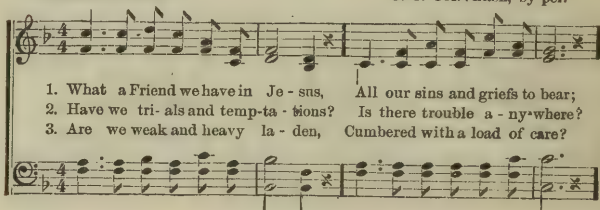
S. MEDLEY.

- 1 Mortals, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay:
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled:
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

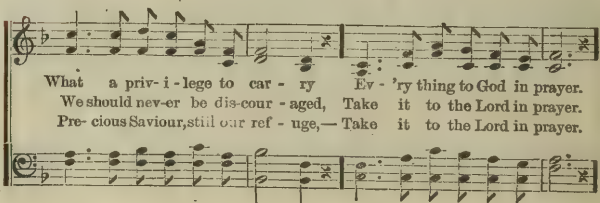
- 4 Down, through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.
- 5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high!
Good-will and peace are now complete:
Jesus was born to die."
- 6 Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail!
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Though earth, and time, and life, shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end,

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

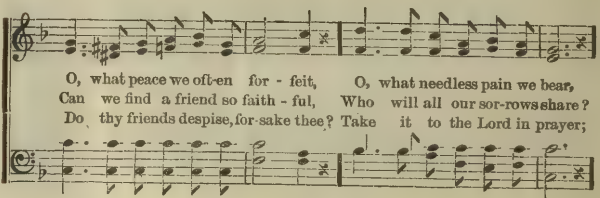
C. C. CONVERSE, by per.



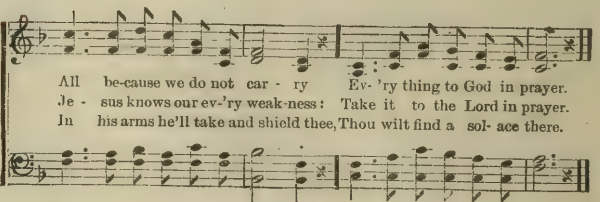
1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trouble a - ny - where?
 3. Are we weak and heavy la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in prayer.



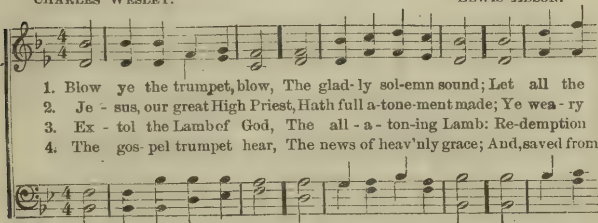
O, what peace we oft - en for - feit, O, what needless pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - row share?
 Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;



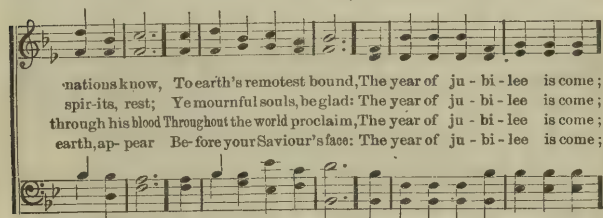
All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness: Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

CHARLES WESLEY.

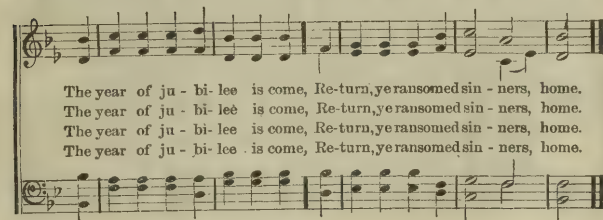
LEWIS EDSON.



1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The glad-ly sol-emn sound; Let all the
 2. Je - sus, our great High Priest, Hath full a-tone-ment made; Ye wea-ry
 3. Ex - tol the Lamb of God, The all - a - ton-ing Lamb: Re-demption
 4. The gos-pel trumpet hear, The news of heav'nly grace; And, saved from



nations know, To earth's remotest bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come;
 spir-its, rest; Ye mournful souls, be glad: The year of ju - bi - lee is come;
 through his blood Throughout the world proclaim, The year of ju - bi - lee is come;
 earth, ap-pear Be-fore your Saviour's face: The year of ju - bi - lee is come;



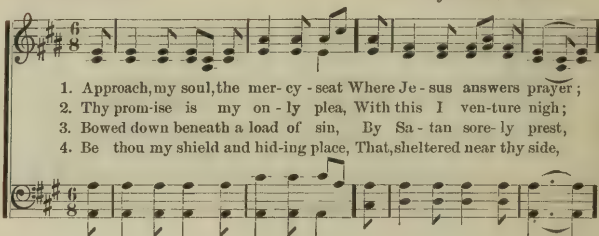
The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re-turn, ye ransomed sin - ners, home.
 The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re-turn, ye ransomed sin - ners, home.
 The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re-turn, ye ransomed sin - ners, home.
 The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re-turn, ye ransomed sin - ners, home.

H. M. CHARLES WESLEY.

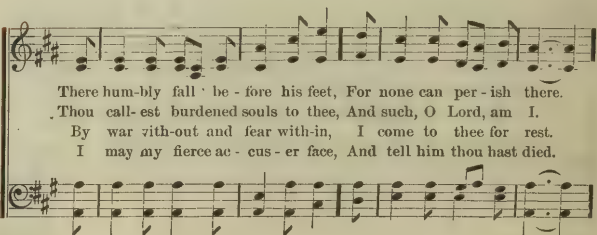
- 1 Arise, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears;
 The bleeding Sacrifice
 In my behalf appears:
 Before the throne my Surety stands,
 My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede;
 His all-redeeming love,

- His precious blood, to plead;
 His blood atoned for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 My God is reconciled,
 His pard'ning voice I hear;
 He owns me for his child,
 I can no longer fear;
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

Arr. by GEO. A. MINOR.

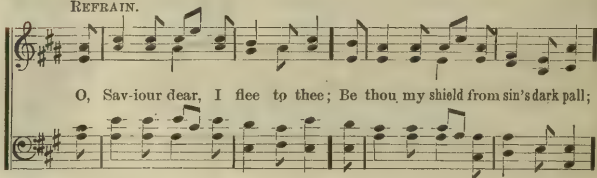


1. Approach, my soul, the mer-cy - seat Where Je - sus answers prayer ;
 2. Thy prom-ise is my on - ly plea, With this I ven-ture nigh ;
 3. Bowed down beneath a load of sin, By Sa - tan sore-ly prest,
 4. Be thou my shield and hid-ing place, That, sheltered near thy side,

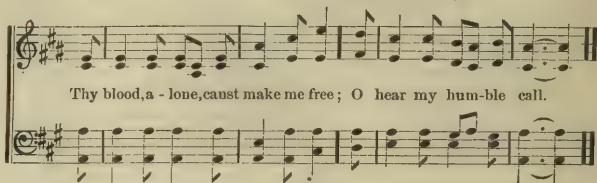


There hum-bly fall be - fore his feet, For none can per - ish there.
 Thou call-est burdened souls to thee, And such, O Lord, am I.
 By war with-out and fear with-in, I come to thee for rest.
 I may any fierce ac - cus - er face, And tell him thou hast died.

REFRAIN.



O, Sav-iour dear, I flee to thee ; Be thou my shield from sin's dark pall ;



Thy blood, a - lone, canst make me free ; O hear my hum-ble call.

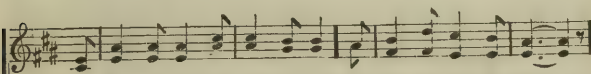
O. HOW I LOVE JESUS!

CHARLES WESLEY.

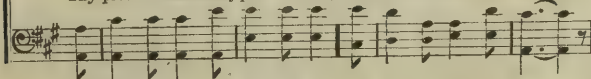
Arr. R. M. McINTOSH.



1. Je - sus hath died that I might live, Might live to God a - lone;
2. Sav-iour, I thank thee for the grace, The gift un-speak-a - ble:
3. My soul breaks out in strong de-sire The per-fect bliss to prove;
4. Give me thy-self: from ev-'ry boast, From ev-ry wish set free;
5. Thy gifts, a - las! can-not suf-fice, Un-less thy-self be giv'n;



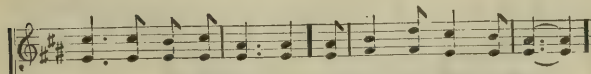
In him e - ter - nal life re - ceive, And be in spir - it one,
 And wait with arms of faith t' embrace, And all thy love to feel.
 My long-ing heart is all on fire To be dissolved in love.
 Let all I am in thee be lost, But give thy-self to me.
 Thy pres-ence makes my par - a - dise, And where thou art is heav'n.



REFRAIN.



O how I love Je - sus! O how I love Je - sus!



O how I love Je - sus! Be-cause he first loved me.



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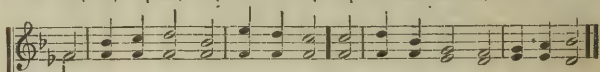
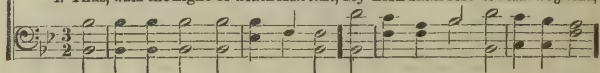
HEBRON. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

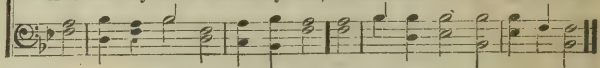
L. MASON.



1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days;
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home;
3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low for my head;
4. Thus, when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest be-neath the ground,



And ev - 'ry eve - ning shall make known Some fresh me - mo - rial of his grace.
But he for-gives my fol - lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.
While well-ap-point-ed an - gels keep Their watchful sta - tions round my bed.
And wait thy voice to break my tomb, With sweetsal - va - tion in the sound.

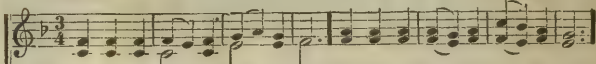


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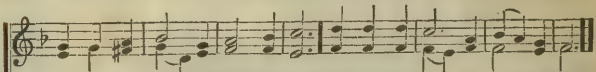
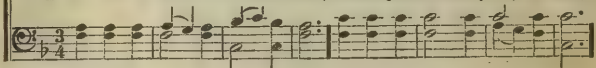
HURSLEY. L. M.

J. KEBLE.

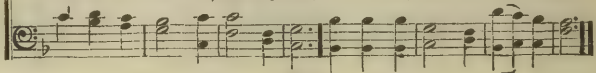
Arr. by W. H. MONK.



1. Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear, It is not night if thou be near;
2. When soft the dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I can-not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere through the world my way I take;



O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Saviour's breast!
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out thee I dare not die.
A-bide with me till, in thy love, I lose my-self in hea-ven-a-bove.



DUKE STREET. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

J. HATTON.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glory died,
 2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
 3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
 4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a present far too small:

My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to his blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor-row meet? Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

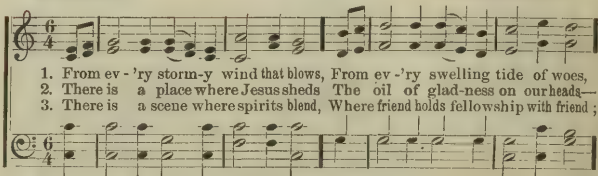
Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. My dear Redeem-er, and my Lord, I read my du-ty in thy word;
 2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal, Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
 3. Cold mountains, and the midnight air, Witnessed the fer-vor of thy pray'r:
 4. Be thou my pat-tern: make me bear More of thy gracious im-age here:

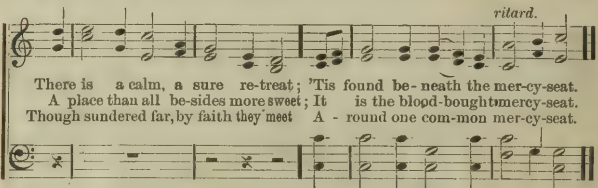
But in thy life the law appears, Drawn out in liv-ing char-ac-ters.
 Such love, and meekness so di-vine, I would transcribe, and make them mine.
 The des-ert thy temp-tations knew, Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name, A-mong the foll'wers of the Lamb.

H. STOWELL.

THOS. HASTINGS.



1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swelling tide of woes,
 2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads—
 3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;



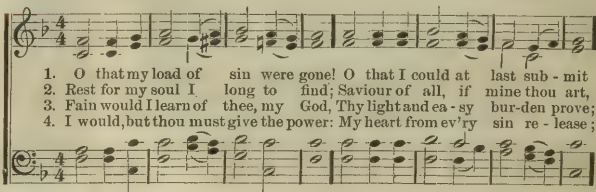
There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.
 A place than all be-sides more sweet; It is the blood-bought mer-cy-seat.
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet A - round one com-mon mer-cy-seat.

- 4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
 And sense and sin molest no more;
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
 And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

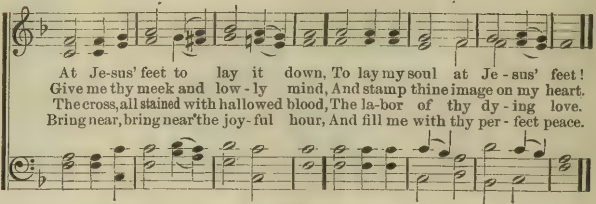
- 5 O let my hand forget her skill,
 My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
 This bounding heart forget to beat,
 Ere I forget the mercy-seat.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Arr. by Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. O that my load of sin were gone! O that I could at last sub-mit
 2. Rest for my soul I long to find; Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
 3. Fain would I learn of thee, my God, Thy light and ea-sy bur-den prove;
 4. I would, but thou must give the power: My heart from ev'ry sin re-lease;



At Je-sus' feet to lay it down, To lay my soul at Je-sus' feet!
 Give me thy meek and low-ly mind, And stamp thine image on my heart.
 The cross, all stained with hallowed blood, The la-bor of thy dy-ing love.
 Bring near, bring near the joy-ful hour, And fill me with thy per-fect peace.

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VIRGINIA. C. M.

G. T. NOEL.

N. E. EVERETT.

1. When musing sor - row weeps the past, And mourns the pres - ent pain,
 2. 'Tis not that morn'g thoughts a - rise, And dread a fa - ther's will;
 3. It is that heav'n-born faith sur-veys The path that leads to light,
 4. It is that hope with ar - dor glows, To see him face to face,
 5. O let me wing my hal-low'd flight From earth-born woe and care,

'Tis sweet to think of peace at last, And feel that death is gain.
 'Tis not that meek sub-mis-sion flies, And would not suf - fer still:
 And long she ca - gle plumes to raise, And lose her - self in sight:
 Whose dy-ing love no language knows, Suf - fi - cient art to trace.
 And soar a - bove these clouds of night, My Saviour's bliss to share!

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CRICHLow. L. M.

JOS. GREGG.

R. M. McINTOSH.

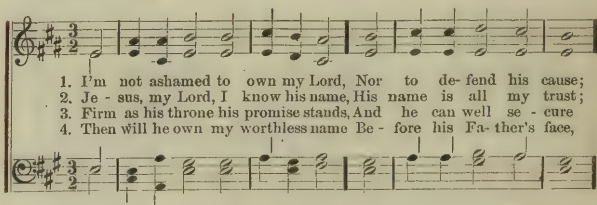
1. Je - sus! and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man ashamed of thee?
 2. Ashamed of Je - sus! sooner far Let evening blush to own a star:
 3. Ashamed of Je - sus! just as soon, Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
 4. Ashamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de - pend?

Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glo - ries shine thro' endless days?
 He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.
 'Tis mid - night with my soul, till he, Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
 No: when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere his name.

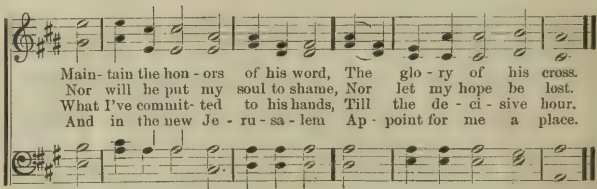
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ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. by L. MASON.



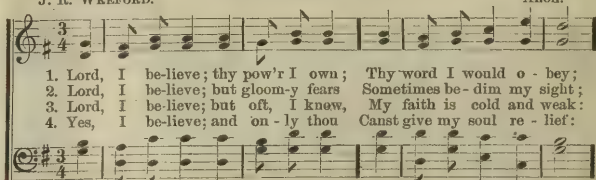
1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Nor to de-fend his cause;
 2. Je - sus, my Lord, I know his name, His name is all my trust;
 3. Firm as his throne his promise stands, And he can well se - cure
 4. Then will he own my worthless name Be - fore his Fa - ther's face,



Main - tain the hon - ors of his word, The glo - ry of his cross.
 Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
 What I've com-mit - ted to his hands, Till the de - ci - sive hour.
 And in the new Je - ru - sa - lem Ap - point for me a place.

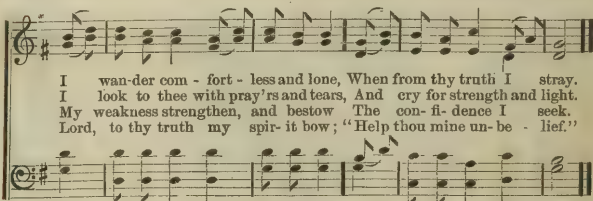
J. R. WREFFORD.

Anon.



1. Lord, I be-lieve; thy pow'r I own; Thy word I would o - bey;
 2. Lord, I be-lieve; but gloom-y fears Sometimes be - dim my sight;
 3. Lord, I be-lieve; but oft, I know, My faith is cold and weak:
 4. Yes, I be-lieve; and on - ly thou Canst give my soul re - lief:

REF.—I' do be-lieve; I do be-lieve, That Je - sus died for me;



I wan - der com - fort - less and lone, When from thy truth I stray.
 I look to thee with pray'r's and tears, And cry for strength and light.
 My weakness strengthen, and bestow The con - fi - dence I seek.
 Lord, to thy truth my spir - it bow; "Help thou mine un - be - lief."

And thro' his blood, his pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

MANOAH. C. M.

S. STENNETT.

From ROSSINI, by GREATORREX.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthron'd Up - on the Saviour's brow;
 2. No mor - tal can with him compare A - mong the sons of men;
 3. He saw me plung'd in deep distress, And flew to my re - lief;
 4. To him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have;

His head with radiant glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
 Fair - er is he than all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train.
 For me he bore the shameful cross, And car - ri - ed all my grief.
 He makes me triumph o - ver death, And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
 He brings my weary feet;
 Shows me the glories of my God,
 And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from thy bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 Lord, they should all be thine.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

THOS. SHEPHERD.

GEO. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
 3. Up - on the crystal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
 4. O pre - cious cross! O glorious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And his dear name re - peat.
 Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

ANNA STEELE.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Fa-ther, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov-ereign will de-nies,
 2. Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev-'ry murmur free;
 3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My life and death at-tend;

Ac-cept-ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe-ti-tion rise:
 The blessings of thy grace im-part, And make me live to thee;
 Thy presence thro' my jour-ney shine, And crown my journey's end.

WILLIAM COWPER.

HUGH WILSON.

1. O for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame,
 2. Where is the bless-ed-ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
 3. What peace-ful hours I once en-joyed! How sweet their mem'ry still!
 4. Re-turn, O ho-ly Dove, re-turn, Sweet mes-sen-ger of rest!

A light to shine up-on the road That leads me. to the Lamb!
 Where is the soul-re-fresh-ing view Of Je-sus and his word?
 But they have left an ach-ing void The world can nev-er fill.
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn, And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close to God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS.

A. CHAPIN.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
 2. Look! how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
 3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs; In vain we strive to rise;
 4. Dear Lord, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate,
 5. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
 Our souls can neith - er fly nor go To reach e - ter - nal joys.
 Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee, And thine to us so great?
 Come, shed a - broad a Saviour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

P. DODDRIDGE.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Je - sus, I love thy charming name; 'Tis music to my ear; Fain would I
 2. Yes, thou art precious to my soul, My transport and my trust; Jew - els to
 3. All that my ardent soul can wish, In thee doth richly meet; Nor to my
 4. Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart, And shed its fragrance there—The noblest

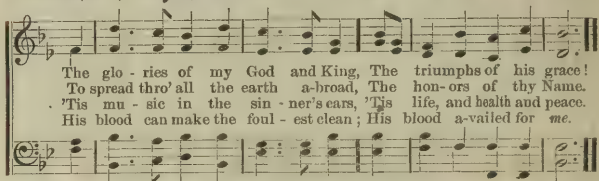
sound it out so loud That all the earth might hear, That all the earth might hear.
 thee are gaudy toys, And gold is sor - did dust, And gold is sor - did dust.
 eyes is light so dear, Nor friendship half so sweet, Nor friendship half so sweet.
 balm of all its wounds, The cordial of its care, The cordial of its care.

CHARLES WESLEY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. O for a thous-and tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise !
 2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim,
 3. Je-sus! the Name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease;
 4. He breaks the pow'r of can-celled sin, He sets the prisoner free;



The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace!
 To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of thy Name.
 'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health and peace.
 His blood can make the foul-est clean; His blood a-vailed for me.

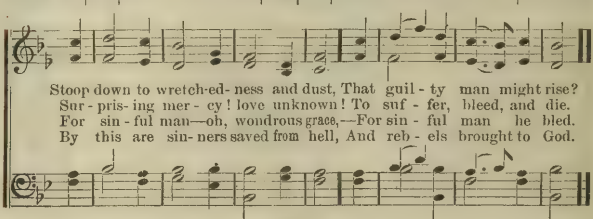
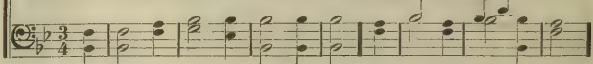
- 5 He speaks—and, listening to his voice, New life the dead receive;
 The mournful, broken hearts rejoice; The humble poor believe.
 6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
 Your loosened tongues employ;
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
 And leap, ye lame, for joy!

ANNA STEELE.

R. SIMPSON.



1. And did the Ho-ly and the Just, The Sovereign of the skies,
 2. Yes, the Re-deem-er left his throne, His radiant throne on high,—
 3. He took the dy-ing traitor's place, And suffered in his stead;
 4. O Lord, what heavenly won-ders dwell In thine a-ton-ing blood!



Stoop down to wretch-ed-ness and dust, That guilt-y man might rise?
 Sur-pris-ing mer-cy! love unknown! To suf-fer, bleed, and die.
 For sin-ful man—oh, wondrous grace,—For sin-ful man he bled.
 By this are sin-ners saved from hell, And reb-els brought to God.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

Dr. ARNE.

1. With joy we med - i - tate the grace Of our High Priest a - bove :
 2. Touched with a sym - pa - thy with-in, He knows our fee - ble frame :
 3. He in the days of fee - ble flesh Poured out strong cries and tears ;

His heart is made of ten - der-ness, His bow - els melt with love.
 He knows what sore temp - ta - tions mean, For he hath felt the same.
 And in his meas - ure feels a - fresh What ev - 'ry mem - ber bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame :
 The bruised reed he never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his power : -
 We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
 In the distressing hour.

CARROLL. C. M.

JOSEPH HART.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH, Mus. Doc.

1. That dole - ful night be - fore his death, The Lamb for sin - ners slain
 2. To keep the feast, Lord, we have met, And to re - mem - ber thee :
 3. Thy suff'ings, Lord, each sa - cred sign To our re - mem - brance brings ;
 4. O tune our tongues, and set in frame Each heart that pants for thee,

Did, al - most with his dy - ing breath, This sol - emn feast or - dain.
 Help each poor trem - bler to re - peat, "For me, he died for me !"
 We eat the bread, and drink the wine, But think on no - bler things.
 To sing, "Ho - san - na to the Lamb !" The Lamb that died for me !

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SAMUEL STENNETT.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
 2. All o'er those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
 3. No chill-ing winds nor poisonous breath Can reach that healthful shore;
 4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?

To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
 There God, the Sun, for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
 Sickness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
 When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in his bos-om rest?

REFRAIN.

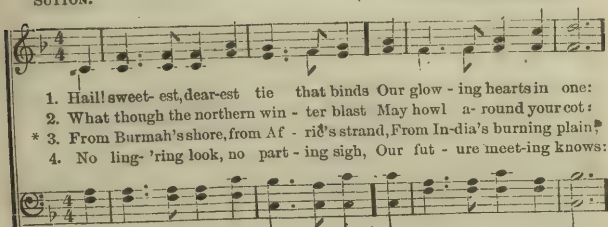
I am bound for the promised land, . . . I am bound for the promised land;
 promised land,

O, who will come and go with me, I am bound for the promised land.

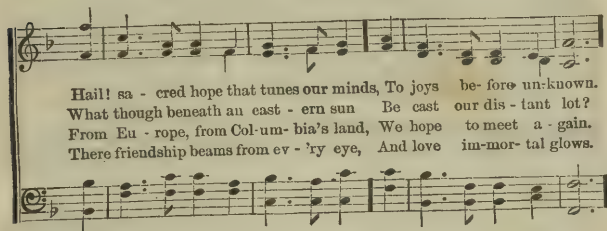
182 REMEMBRANCE. C. M. (with chorus.)

SUTTON.

Arr. R. M. McINTOSH.

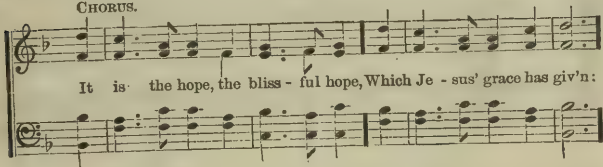


1. Hail! sweet-est, dear-est tie that binds Our glow-ing hearts in one:
 2. What though the northern win-ter blast May howl a-round your cot:
 * 3. From Burmah's shore, from Af-ric's strand, From In-dia's burning plain:
 4. No ling-'ring look, no part-ing sigh, Our fut-ure meet-ing knows:

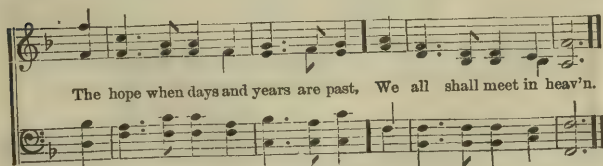


Hail! sa-cred hope that tunes our minds, To joys be-fore un-known.
 What though beneath an east-ern sun Be cast our dis-tant lot?
 From Eu-rope, from Col-um-bia's land, We hope to meet a-gain.
 There friendship beams from ev-'ry eye, And love im-mor-tal glows.

CHORUS.



It is the hope, the bliss-ful hope, Which Je-sus' grace has giv'n:

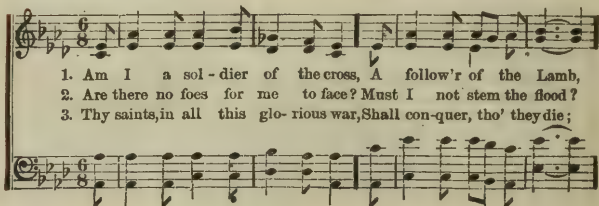


The hope when days and years are past, We all shall meet in heav'n.

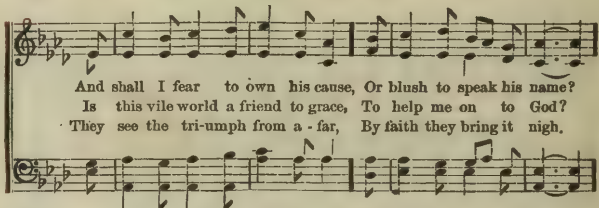
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ISAAC WATTS.

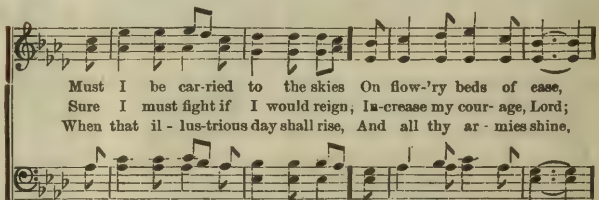
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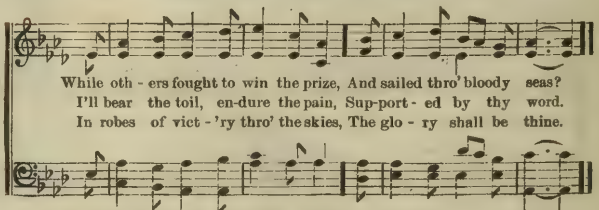
1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A follow'r of the Lamb,
 2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 3. Thy saints, in all this glo-rious war, Shall con-quer, tho' they die;



And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 They see the tri-umph from a - far, By faith they bring it nigh.



Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-ry beds of ease,
 Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-crease my cour- age, Lord;
 When that il - lus-trious day shall rise, And all thy ar - mies shine,



While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by thy word.
 In robes of vict - 'ry thro' theskies, The glo - ry shall be thine.

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ISAAC WATTS.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las, and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sov - reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groan'd up - on the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
 4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face, While his dear cross ap - pears;
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
 When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died For man, the creat - ure's sin!
 Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

REFRAIN.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the

bur - den of my heart rolled a - way — It was there by faith
 rolled a - way,

I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode,
 2. I love thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore thee stand,
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend;
 4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways,

The Church our bless'd Redeemer bought With his own pre - cious blood.
 Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And grav - en on thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
 Her sweet commun-ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

JOHN FAWCETT.

H. G. NAEGLI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
 4. When we a - sup - der part It gives us in - ward pain;
 5. This glo - rious hope re - vives Our cour - age by the way;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one, — Our com - forts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.
 While each in ex - pec - ta - tion lives, And longs to see the day.

187

GAVIN. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

AARON CHAPIN.

1. And can I yet de-lay My lit-tle all to give?
 2. Nay, but I yield, I yield! I can hold out no more:
 3. Though late, I all for-sake; My friends, my all re-sign:
 4. Come, and pos-sess me whole, Nor hence a-gain re-move:

To tear my soul from earth a-way For Je-sus to re-ceive?
 I sink, by dy-ing love compelled, And own thee Con-quer-or!
 Gracious Re-deem-er, take, O take, And seal me ev-er thine!
 Set-tle and fix my wav'ring soul With all thy weight of love.

188

DEVOTION. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

Old Southern Melody.

1. Show pit-y, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Let a re-pent-ing reb-el live:
 2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass, The pow'r and glo-ry of thy grace;
 3. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce thee just in death;
 4. Yet save a trem-bling sinner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,

Are not thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in thee?
 Great God, thy na-ture hath no bound, So let thy pard'ning love be found.
 And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law approves it well.
 Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support a-against de-spair.

JOHN CENNICK.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH, Mus. Doc.

1. Chil-dren of the heav'nly King, As we jour-ney, let us sing;
 2. We are trav'ling home to God, In the way our fa-thers trod:
 3. O ye banished seed, be glad! Christ our Ad-vo-cate is made;
 4. Fear not, brethren, joy-ful stand On the bor-ders of our land:
 5. Lord, o-be-dient-ly we'll go, Glad-ly leav-ing all be-low;

Sing our Saviour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in his works and ways.
 They are hap-py now, and we Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.
 Us to save, our flesh as-sumes, Broth-er to our souls be-comes.
 Je-sus Christ, our Father's Son, Bids us un-dis-mayed go on.
 On-ly thou our Lead-er be, And we still will fol-low thee.

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH, Mus. Doc.

1. When I can read my ti-tle clear To mansions in the skies,
 2. Should earth against my soul en-gage, And fier-y darts be hurled,
 3. Let cares, like a wild deluge, come, Let storms of sor-row fall;
 4. There I shall bathe my wea-ry soul In seas of heav'nly rest,

I'll bid fare-well to ev-'ry fear, I'll bid fare-well to
 Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, Then I can smile at
 So I but safe-ly reach my home, So I but safe-ly
 And not a wave of trou-ble roll, And not a wave of

NINETY-FIFTH. Concluded.

ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
 Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.
 reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all.
 troub - le roll, A cross my peace - ful breast.

191

JOHN NEWTON.

DE FLEURY. 8s.

LEWIS EDSON.

FINE.

1. { How tedious and tasteless the hours When Je-sus no long-er I see! }
 { Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me, - }
 D.C.—But when I am hap-py in him, De-cem-ber's as pleasant as May.
 2. { His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than mu-sic his voice; }
 { His presence dispers-es my gloom, And makes all within me re-joice: }
 D.C.—No mor-tal so hap-py as I, My summer would last all the year.

D.C.
 The mid-summer sun shiues but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 I should, were he always thus nigh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear;

- 3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resigned;
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind:
 While blessed with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.
4. Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song,
 Say why do I languish and pine?
 And why are my winters so long?
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
 Or take me to thee up on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

192

Tune.—BOYLSTON, 185.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

- 1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears
 The wond'ring angels see!
 Be thou astonished, O my soul:
 He shed those tears for thee!
- 3 He wept that we might weep;
 Each sin demands a tear:
 In heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there.

193

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines.

A. M. TOPLADY.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

FINE.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee;
 D. C.—Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy side, a heal-ing flood,

2 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and thou alone:
 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eyelids close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment throne,—
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

194

COME YE SINNERS.

JOSEPH HART.

Arr. by GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Come ye sin-ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 D. C.—He is a - ble, he is a - ble, He is will-ing, doubt no more,

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and power.

He is a - ble, he is a - ble, He is will-ing, doubt no more.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him:
 ||: This he gives you;
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam. :||

3 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
 On the bloody tree behold him;

Hear him cry before he dies,
 ||: "It is finished;"
 Sinners, will not this suffice? :||

4 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood;
 Venture on him, venture wholly;
 Let no other trust intrude:
 ||: None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good. :||

DAVID DENHAM.

H. R. BISHOP.

1. 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and crea-ture complaints, How sweet to my
 2. Sweet bonds, that u-nite all the chil-dren of peace; And thrice-blessed
 3. While here in the val-ley of con-flict I stray, O give me sub-
 4. I long, dear-est Lord, in thy beau-ty to shine; No more as an

soul is com-mun-ion with saints; To find at the ban-quet of
 Je-sus, whose love can-not cease; Though oft from thy pre-sence in
 mis-sion and strength as my day; In all my af-flic-tions to
 ex-ile in sor-row to pine; And in thy dear im-age a-

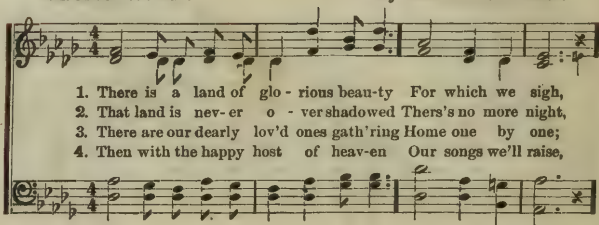
mer-cy there's room, And feel in the pre-sence of Je-sus at home!
 sad-ness I roam, I long to be-hold thee in glo-ry at home.
 thee would I come, Re-joic-ing in hope of my glo-ri-ous home.
 rise from the tomb, With glo-ri-fied mil-lions to praise thee at home.

CHORUS.

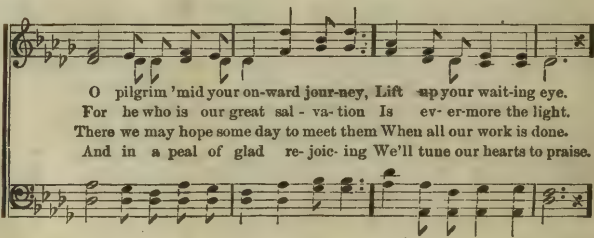
Home! home! sweet, sweet home! Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glo-ry, my home.

Mrs. MARY O. PAGE.

Arr. by Mrs. CLARA H. SCOTT.

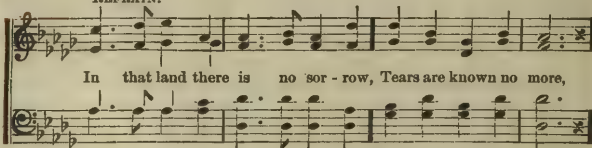


1. There is a land of glo - rious beau - ty For which we sigh,
 2. That land is nev - er o - vershadowed Thers's no more night,
 3. There are our dearly lov'd ones gath'ring Home one by one;
 4. Then with the happy host of heav-en Our songs we'll raise,

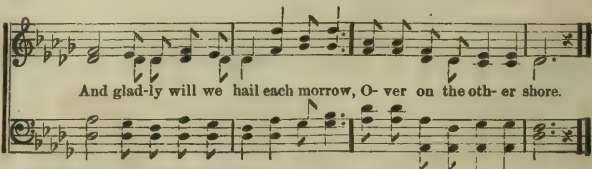


O pilgrim 'mid your on-ward jour-ney, Lift up your wait-ing eye.
 For he who is our great sal - va - tion Is ev - er-more the light.
 There we may hope some day to meet them When all our work is done.
 And in a peal of glad re-joic-ing We'll tune our hearts to praise.

REFRAIN.



In that land there is no sor - row, Tears are known no more,



And glad-ly will we hail each morrow, O-ver on the oth-er shore.

OUR BONDAGE IT SHALL END.

Old Southern Melody.
Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH.

Anon.

1. Our bond-age it shall end, by and by, by and by; Our
2. Tho' our en - e - mies are strong, We'll go on, we'll go on; Tho' our

bond-age it shall end, by and by; From E-gypt's yoke set free,
en - e - mies are strong, we'll go on; Tho' our hearts dissolve with fear,

Hail the glo-rious ju - bi - lee, And to Ca-naan we'll re - turn,
Lo, Sin - ai's God is near, While the fier - y pil - lar moves,

By and by, by and by, And to Ca-naan we'll re - turn, by and by.
We'll go on, we'll go on, While the fier - y pil - lar moves, we'll go on.

3 ||: Through Mara's bitter streams
We'll go on, we'll go on, ||
Though Baca's vale be dry,
And the land yield no supply
||: To a land of corn and wine,
We'll go on, we'll go on. ||

4 ||: And when to Jordan's flood,
We are come, we are come, ||
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters he'll divide,
||: And the ransomed host shall shout,
We are come, we are come. ||

5 ||: Then friends shall meet again,
Who have loved, who have loved, ||
Our embraces shall be sweet
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
||: When we meet to part no more,
Who have loved, who have loved. ||

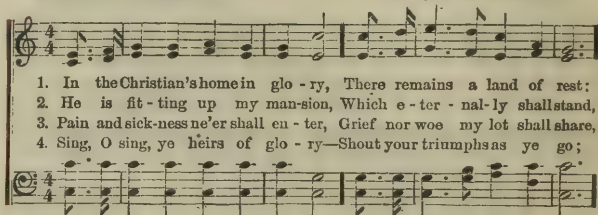
6 ||: Then with all the happy throng,
We'll rejoice, we'll rejoice, ||
Shouting glory to our King,
Till the vaults of heaven shall ring,
||: And through all eternity,
We'll rejoice, we'll rejoice. ||

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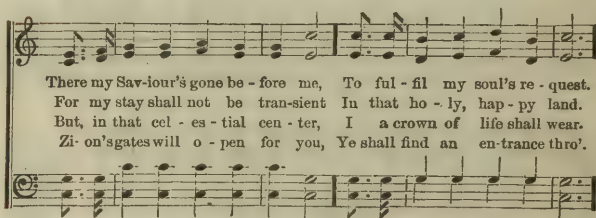
REST FOR THE WEARY.

SAMUEL Y. HARMER.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

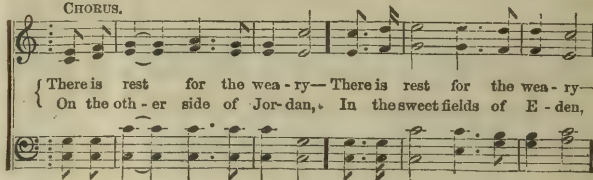


1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There remains a land of rest:
 2. He is fit - ting up my man - sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand,
 3. Pain and sick - ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
 4. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo - ry—Shout your triumphs as ye go;

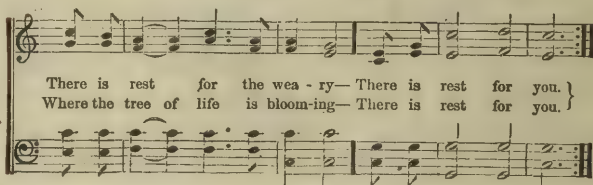


There my Sav - iour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fil my soul's re - quest.
 For my stay shall not be tran - sient In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
 But, in that cel - es - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
 Zi - on's gates will o - pen for you, Ye shall find an en - trance thro'.

CHORUS.



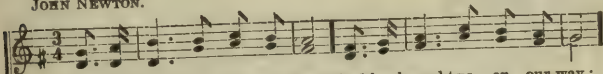
{ There is rest for the wea - ry—There is rest for the wea - ry—
 On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,



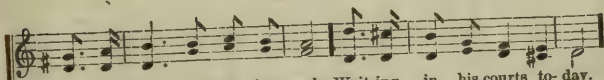
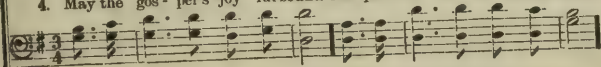
There is rest for the wea - ry—There is rest for you.
 Where the tree of life is bloom - ing—There is rest for you.

JOHN NEWTON.

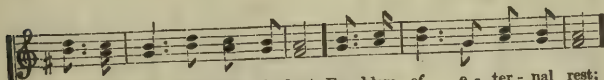
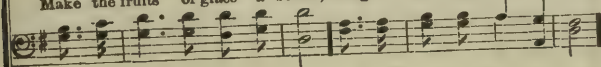
LOWELL MASON.



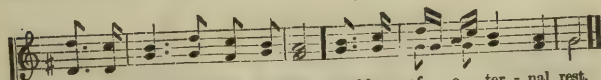
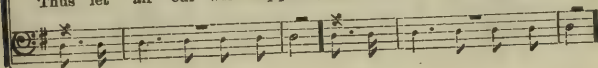
1. Safe-ly through an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way ;
2. While we seek sup - plies of grace, Thro' the dear Re - deem - er's name,
3. Here we come thy name to praise ; Let us feel thy pres - ence near ;
4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com - fort saints,



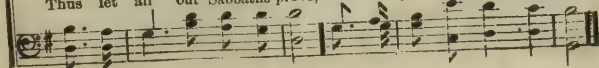
Let us now a bless - ing seek ; Wait - ing in his courts to - day.
 Show thy re - con - cil - ing face—Take a - way our sin and shame ;
 May thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in thy house ap - pear :
 Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief from all com - plaints :



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest ;
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee ;
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast ;
 Thus let all our wor - ship prove, Till we join the Church a - bove ;



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove.

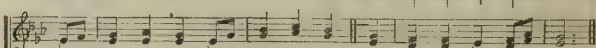
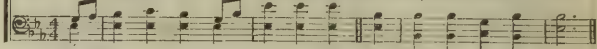


H. BONAR.

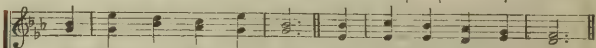
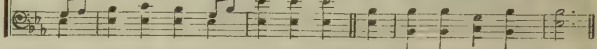
H. R. CHRISTIE.



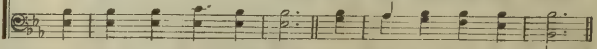
1. Op-press'd with noonday's scorching heat, To yon-der cross I flee;
2. Be-neath that cross clear wa-ters burst—A fount-ain spark-ling free;
3. A stran-ger here, I pitch my tent Be-neath this spread-ing tree;
4. For burdened ones a rest-ing place, Be-neath that cross I see:



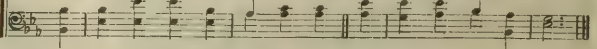
Be-neath its shel-ter take my seat: No shade like this for me.
 And there I quench my des-ert thirst: No spring like this for me.
 Here shall my pil-grim life be spent: No home like this for me.
 Here I cast off my wea-ri-ness: No rest like this for me.



No shade like this for me! No shade like this for me.
 No spring like this for me! No spring like this for me.
 No home like this for me! No home like this for me.
 No rest like this for me! No rest like this for me.



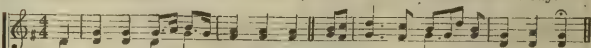
Be-neath its shel-ter take my seat: No shade like this for me.
 And there I quench my des-ert thirst: No spring like this for me.
 Here shall my pil-grim life be spent: No home like this for me.
 Here I cast off my wea-ri-ness: No rest like this for me.



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SAMUEL MEDLEY.

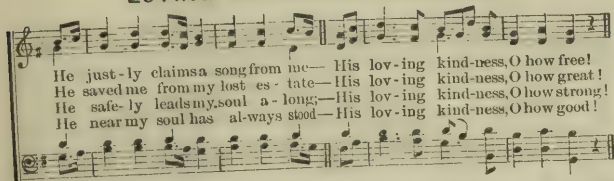
American Melody.



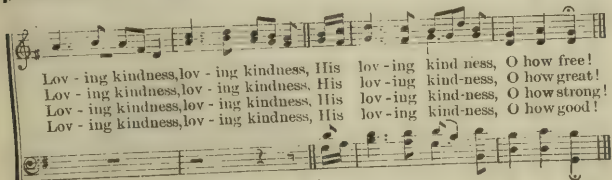
1. A-wake my soul, to joy-ful lays, And sing my great Re-deemer's praise,
2. He saw me ruin-ed in the fall, Yet lov'd me, not-withstanding all;
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose,
4. When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud,



LOVING KINDNESS.—Concluded.



He just-ly claims a song from me— His lov-ing kind-ness, O how free!
 He saved me from my lost es-tate— His lov-ing kind-ness, O how great!
 He safe-ly leads my soul a-long— His lov-ing kind-ness, O how strong!
 He near my soul has al-ways stood— His lov-ing kind-ness, O how good!



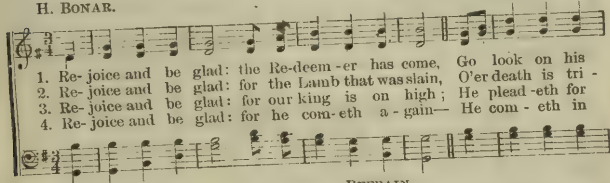
Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kind-ness, His lov-ing kind-ness, O how free!
 Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kind-ness, His lov-ing kind-ness, O how great!
 Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kind-ness, His lov-ing kind-ness, O how strong!
 Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kind-ness, His lov-ing kind-ness, O how good!

205

REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

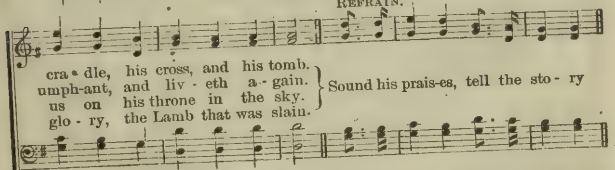
H. BONAR.

J. J. HUSBAND.

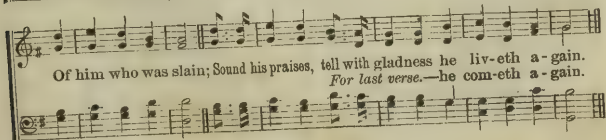


1. Re-joice and be glad: the Re-deem-er has come, Go look on his
 2. Re-joice and be glad: for the Lamb that was slain, O'er death is tri-
 3. Re-joice and be glad: for our king is on high; He plead-eth for
 4. Re-joice and be glad: for he com-eth a-gain— He com-eth in

REFRAIN.



cradle, his cross, and his tomb.
 umph-ant, and liv-eth a-gain. } Sound his prais-es, tell the sto-ry
 us on his throne in the sky.
 glo-ry, the Lamb that was slain.



Of him who was slain; Sound his praises, tell with gladness he liv-eth a-gain.
 For last verse.—he com-eth a-gain.

H. F. LYTE.

MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low thee;
 2. Let the world despise and leaveme—It has left my Sav - iour too;
 3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure, Come, dis - as - ter, scorn and pain;

FINE.

I am poor, de - spised, for - sak - en—Thou, from hence, my all shalt be,
D.S.—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion—God and heav'n are still my own!
 Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me—Thou art not, like them, un - true;
D.S.—Foes may hate and friends may scorn me—Show thy face, and all is bright.
 In thy ser - vice, pain is pleasure; With thy fav - or, loss is gain.
D.S.—Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All may work for good to me.

D.S.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought and hoped and known:
 Whilst thy gra - cesshall a - dorn me, God of wis - dom, love and might,
 I have called thee, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, I have set my heart on thee;

D.S.

W. COWPER.

Western Melody.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That fount - ain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
5. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing thy pow'r to save,

FINE.

And sin - ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains,
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
 Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved to sin no more.
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be, till I die.
 When this poor lisp - ing, stammering tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

D.S.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN. Concluded.

D.S.

Musical score for 'There is a Fountain'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way.
 Be saved to sin no more, Be saved to sin no more.
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die.
 Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave.

208

ENTREATY. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Arr. by GEO. A. MINOR.

Musical score for 'Entreaty'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1. Fa-ther, I stretch my hands to thee, No oth-er help I know;
 2. What did thine on-ly Son en-dure, Be-fore I drew my breath!
 3. Auth-or of faith, to thee I lift My wea-ry, long-ing eyes;
 4. Sure-ly thou canst not let me die: O speak, and I shall live;
 5. The worst of sin-ners would rejoice Could they but see thy face;

Musical score for 'Entreaty'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

If thou with-draw thy-self from me, Ah! whither shall I go?
 What pain, what la-bor to se-cure My soul from end-less death!
 O let me now re-ceive that gift, My soul with-out it dies!
 And here I will un-wear-ied lie, Till thou thy Spir-it give.
 O let me hear thy quick'ning voice And taste thy pard'ning grace!

Musical score for 'Entreaty'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

If thou withdraw thy-self from me, Ah! whither shall I go?
 What pain, what la-bor to se-cure My soul from end-less death!
 O let me now re-ceive that gift, My soul with-out it dies!
 And here I will un-wear-ied lie, Till thou thy Spir-it give.
 O let me hear thy quick'ning voice And taste thy pard'ning grace!

209

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

CHARLES WESLEY.

F. GIARDINI.

1. Come, thou al-mighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise!
2. Come, thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on thy might-y sword, Our pray'r attend;

{ Fa-ther all glo-ri-ous, } Come and reign o-ver us, Ancient of days.
{ O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, }
{ Come, and thy peo-ple bless, } Spir-it of ho-li-ness, On us de-scend!
{ And give thy word success: }

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One and Three
Eternal praises be
Hence—evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

210

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

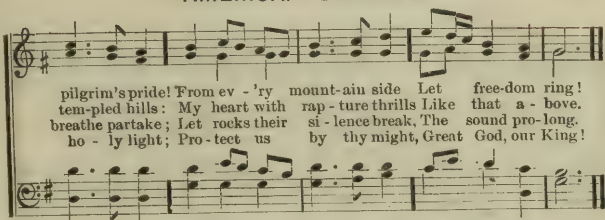
S. F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY.

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty,
2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no-ble, free,
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa-thers' God! to thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty,

Of thee I sing: Land where my fa-thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song: Let mor-tal tongues a-wake; Let all that
To thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With freedom's

AMERICA.—Concluded.



pilgrim's pride! From ev - 'ry mount-ain side Let free-dom ring!
tem-pled hills: My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro-long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

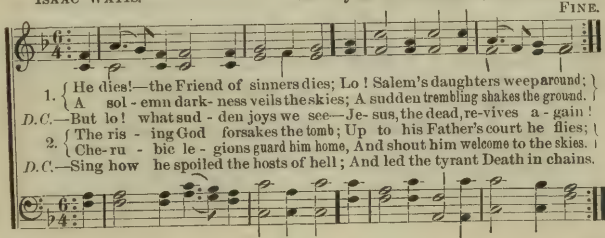
211

BOTTOMLEY. L. M. Double.

ISAAC WATTS.

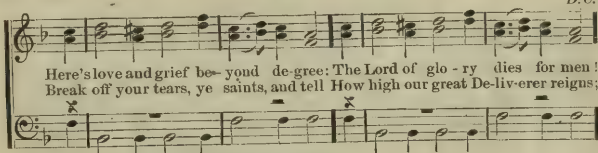
Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH, Mus. Doc.

FINE.



1. { He dies!—the Friend of sinners dies; Lo! Salem's daughters weep around; }
{ A sol - emn dark - ness veils the skies; A sudden trembling shakes the ground. }
D.C.—But lo! what sud - den joys we see—Je - sus, the dead, re - vives a - gain!
2. { The ris - ing God forsakes the tomb; Up to his Father's court he flies; }
{ Che - ru - bic le - gions guard him home, And shout him welcome to the skies. }
D.C.—Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell; And led the tyrant Death in chains.

D.C.



Here's love and grief be - yond de - gree: The Lord of glo - ry dies for men!
Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high our great De - liv - erer reigns;

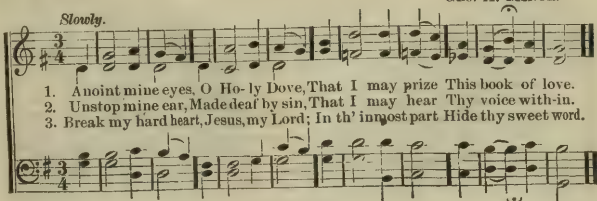
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212

PITT.

GEO. A. MINOR.

Slowly.



1. Anoint mine eyes, O Ho - ly Dove, That I may prize This book of love.
2. Unstop mine ear, Made deaf by sin, That I may hear Thy voice with-in.
3. Break my hard heart, Jesus, my Lord; In th' in - most part Hide thy sweet word.

213

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. Double.

ROBERT ROBINSON.

JOHN WYETH.

FINE.

1. { Come, thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise: }
D.C.—Praise the mount,—O, fix me on it,—Mount of God's unchanging love.

D.C.

Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home:
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He to save my soul from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above.

214

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

RAY PALMER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in - spire; As thou hast died for me, O may my
 Be thou my guide: Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
 Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-iour! then, in love, Fear and dis -

OLIVET. Concluded.

guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly thine!
 love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv-ing fire!
 tears a-way Nor let me ev-er stray From thee a-side.
 trust re-move; O, bear me safe a-bove, A ran-somed soul!

215

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

CHARLES WESLEY.

S. E. MARSH.

FIN.

1. { Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bos-om fly, }
 While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high; }
 D.C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O receive my soul at last!

D.C.

Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

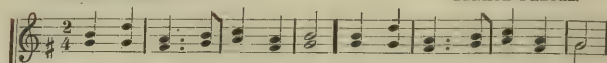
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me!
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is thy Name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am:
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

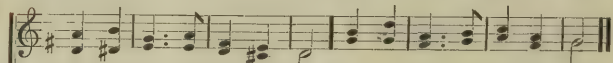
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the Fountain art;
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY.

IGNACE PLEYEL.



1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still reserved for me?
2. I have long withstood his grace; Long pro - voked him to his face;
3. Je - sus, an - swer from a - bove: Is not all thy na - ture love?
4. Now in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my fall la - ment;

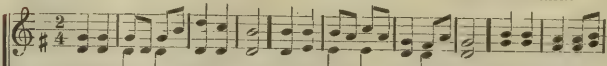


- Can my God his wrath for - bear, And the chief of sin - ners spare?
 Would not hear his gra - cious calls; Grieved him by a thousand falls.
 Wilt thou not the wrong for - get? Lo, I fall be - fore thy feet.
 Deep - ly my re - volt de - plore; Weep, be - lieve, and sin no more.



CHARLES WESLEY.

C. H. A. MALAN.



1. Lord, we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow; O, do not our
2. Lord, on thee our souls depend; In compassion now descend; Fill our hearts with
3. In thine own appointed way Now we seek thee, here we stay; Lord, we know not
4. Send some message from thy word That may joy and peace afford; Let thy Spir - it

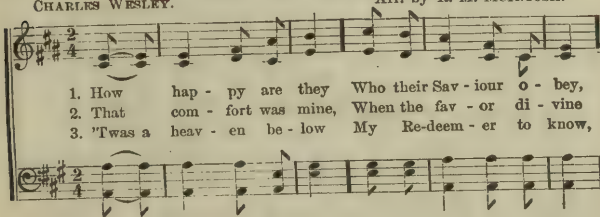


- suit dis - dain; Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
 thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing thy praise, Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
 how to go Till a blessing thou be - stow, Till a blessing thou be - stow.
 now im - part Full sal - va - tion to each heart, Full sal - va - tion to each heart.

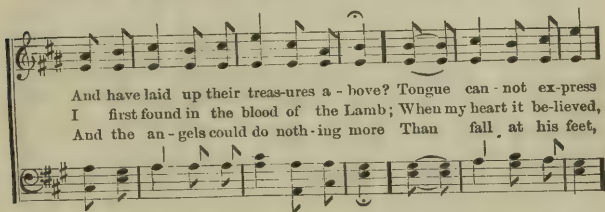


CHARLES WESLEY.

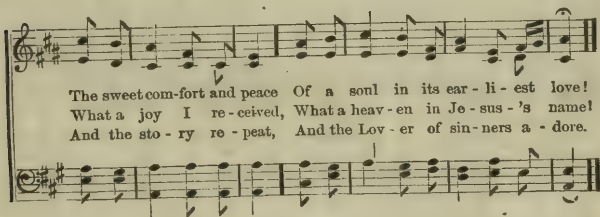
Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH.



1. How hap - py are they Who their Sav - iour o - bey,
 2. That com - fort was mine, When the fav - or di - vine
 3. 'Twas a heav - en be - low My Re-deem - er to know,



And have laid up their treas-ures a - bove? Tongue can - not ex-press
 I first found in the blood of the Lamb; When my heart it be-lieved,
 And the an - gels could do noth - ing more Than fall at his feet,



The sweet com-fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love!
 What a joy I re - ceived, What a heav - en in Je - sus - 's name!
 And the sto - ry re - peat, And the Lov - er of sin - ners a - dore.

4 Jesus all the day long
 Was my joy and my song:
 O that all his salvation might see!
 He hath loved me, I cried,
 He hath suffered and died,
 To redeem a poor rebel like me.

5 On the wings of his love
 I was carried above
 All sin, and temptation, and pain;
 I could not believe
 That I ever should grieve,
 That I ever should suffer again

6 I rode on the sky,
 Freely justified I,
 Nor did envy Elijah his seat:
 My soul mounted higher
 In a chariot of fire,
 And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O the rapturous height
 Of that holy delight
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
 Of my Saviour possessed,
 I was perfectly blest,
 As if filled with the fullness of God.

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SEND A BLESSING.

As sung by Hon. E. U. Hardeman, Treasurer of the State of Georgia.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH, Mus. Doc.

1. { O tell me no more Of this world's vain store, The time of such
A coun-try I've found Where true joys a - bound, To dwell I'm de-
2. { The souls that be - lieve, In par - a - dise live, And me in that
My soul, don't de - lay— He calls thee a - way, Rise, fol - low thy
3. { No mor - tal doth know What he can be - stow, What light, strength, and
Lo, on - ward I move To a cit - y above, None guess-es how

REFRAIN.

tri - fles with me now is o'er;
termined on that hap - py ground. }
num - ber will Je - sus re - ceive: } Send a bless - ing, send a
Saviour, and bless the glad day.
comfort—go aft - er him, go: }
wondrous my jour - ney will prove. }

blessing, Send a bless - ing, send a bless - ing; Send a

bless - ing just now, Just now, just now, Send a blessing just now.

4 Great spoils I shall win
From death, hell, and sin,
Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die,
Receive me I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find,
We two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind:
So this is the race
I'm running through grace,
Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's face.

HEAVENLY ASPIRATION.

Arranged from German.

1. { This world is not my home, I know, For sin and sorrow wound me; }
 { But mer-cy tempers ev-'ry blow, And goodness smiles a-round me. }
 2. { The tear may fall, the heart may bleed, And all look dark and drear-y; }
 { But love di-vine sup-plies my need, And cheers the spir-it wea-ry. }

CHORUS.

Then let my lot be what it may, Come gladness or come sor-row,

I'm near-er to my home to-day, And may be there to-mor-row.

3 With heart resigned, I bid adieu
 To those who love, but leave me;
 My home, my heavenly home's in view,
 Where death shall ne'er bereave me.

4 My heavenly home, where Jesus reigns!
 When I behold thy glory,
 I'll walk thy ever verdant plains,
 And sing redemption's story.

I WILL ARISE.*

Arr. by GEO. A. MINOR.

I will a-rise and go to Je-sus, He will embrace me in his arms;

In the arms of my dear Sav-iour, O, there are ten thousand charms.

* Any familiar and suitable hymn may be sung in connection with this chorus.

222

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O, hap- py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav- iour and my God! }
 { Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap- tures all a- broad. }
 2. { O, hap- py bond that seals my vows To him that mer- its all my love! }
 { Let cheerful an- thems fill his house, While to that sa- cred shrine I move. }

CHORUS. FINE.

Hap- py day, hap- py day, When Je- sus washed my sins a- way!
 D.S.—Hap- py day, hap- py day, When Je- sus washed my sins a- way!

D.S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re- joic- ing ev- 'ry day;

- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's and he is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
 Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
 Here have I found a nobler part,
 Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

223

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

CLAUDIUS GONDIMEL.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below:

Praise him a- bove, ye heav- 'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho- ly Ghost.

J. E. RANKIN.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By his counsels guide, uphold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath his wings protecting hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Put his arms un - fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

REFRAIN.

Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we

meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet, . . . till we
 meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet, Till we meet, till we

meet,
 meet, till we meet,
 God be with you till we meet a - gain.

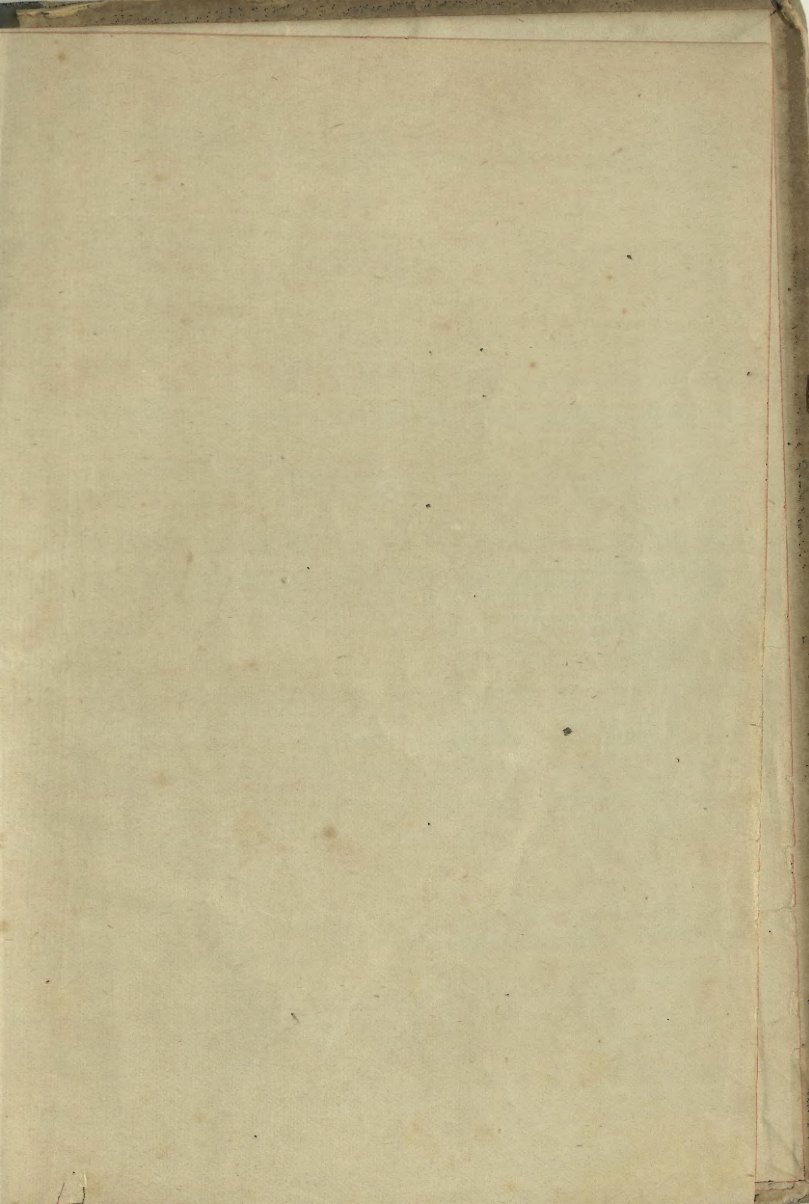
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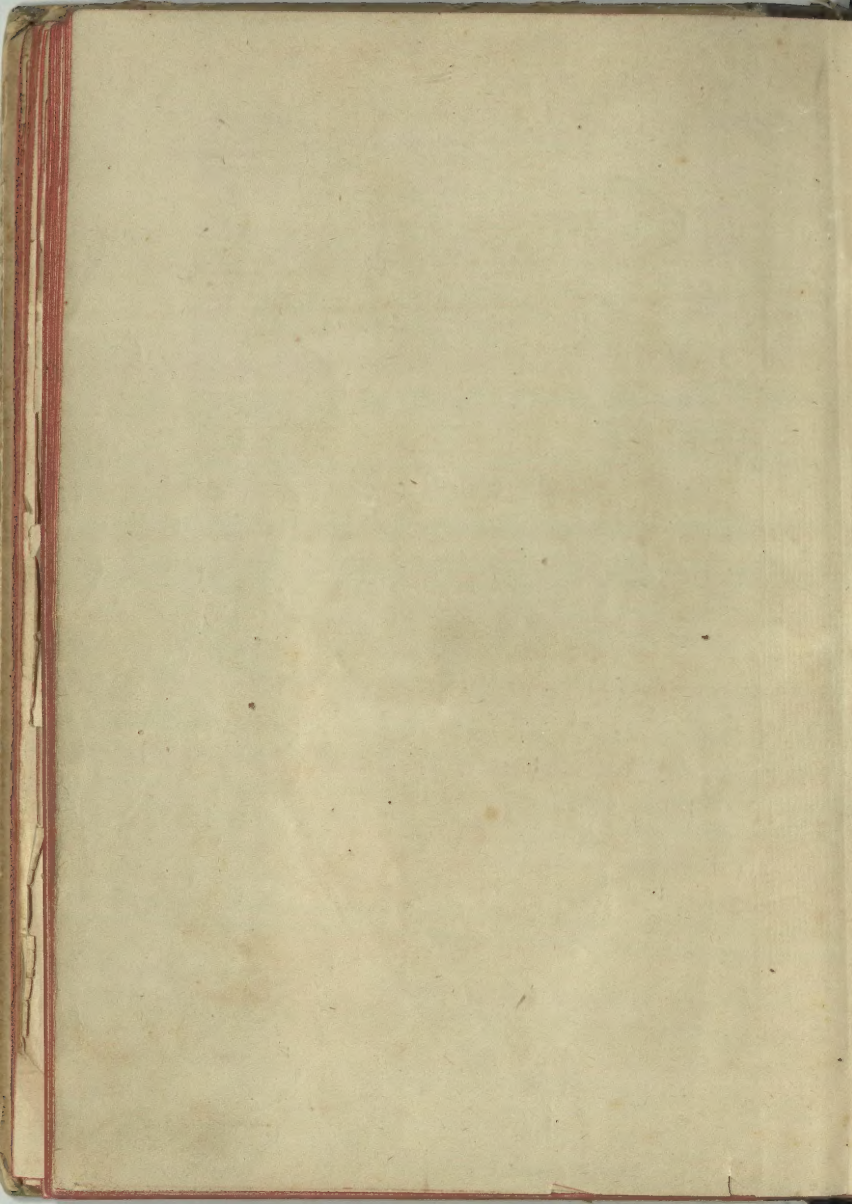
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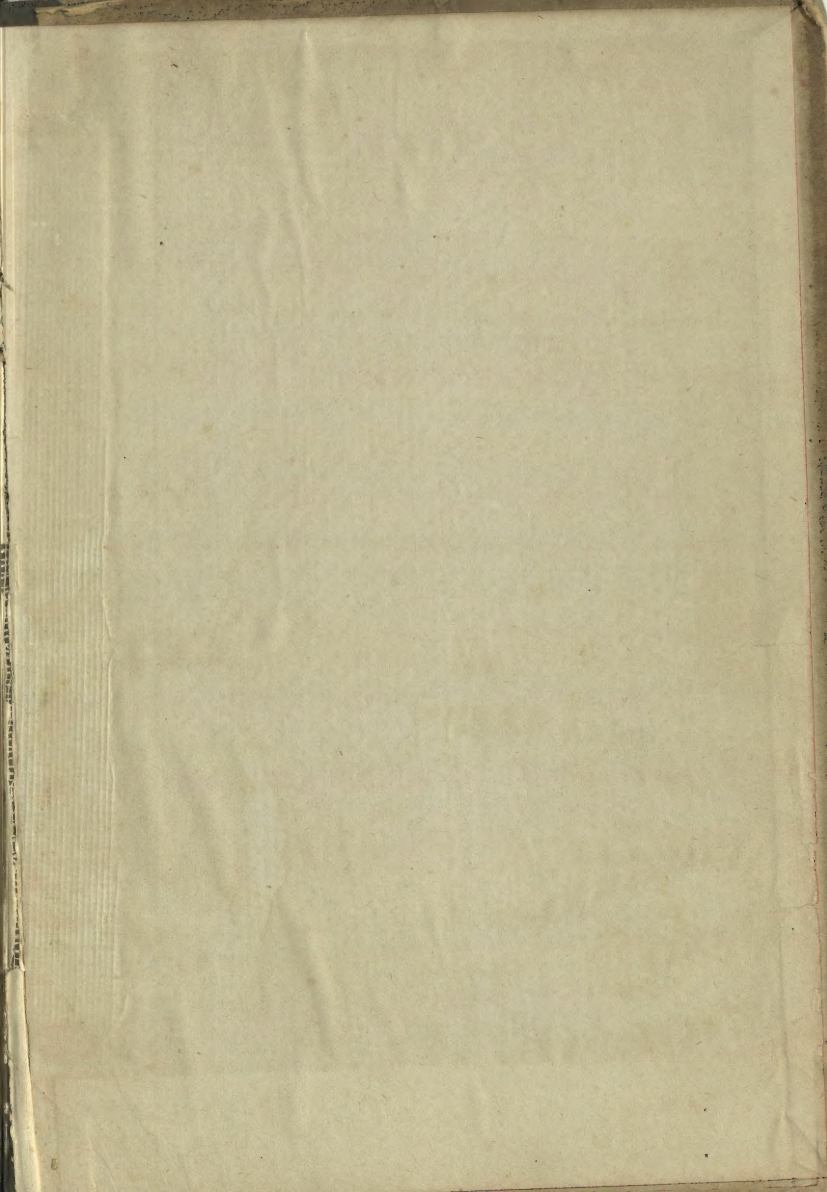
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